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Songs of Enlightenment: In Collaboration with Light

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BY  
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**Songs of Enlightenment**  
**In Collaboration with Light**

by Rome Harris

**ABSTRACT**

This compilation of poems represents a new school of thought, postrevisionism. The goal of postrevisionism is to show the unity of all things through various found fragments of civilization, time, humanity, creation, nature, and generally all aspects of consciousness as a unified collection. These poems express this principle of unity as a whole. The poems reference artifacts and structures that symbolize consciousness and experience. Found artifacts represent the ephemeral structures that, form eternity, instill meaning. The overall collection contains and refers to found pieces in history, self, nature, and spirit, and unifies them through the transcendental feeling of a unity of one, illustrated through scientific principles of diffracted energy and various references to poetry, writing throughout time, and spirituality in creation. The principle of unity can be found in religions all over the world and is especially poignant in Hinduism and Buddhism, the concept that we are all one, and that the difference of others is an illusion of self, the difference of the world, the spinning wheel of consciousness, connected by its many spokes at the center. This is the essence of Jesus' teaching that God is everything and in everything. This same principle is implicit in Einstein's theory of relativity, the fact that the nature of all matter is energy. All matter is one energy. Through the principle of diffracted energy, fragments take the form of light and though stemming from one source, like light before entering a prism, these fragments are experienced as multiple colors beyond the prism.

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[ALL ILLUSTRATIONS UNTITLED]





## Found

I

We, Truth. beauty. We, Memory, unbound and found in the boundless actual, never left the unified light. we remember, the distant bright sheen of the holy, a clairvoyant sound growing clearer in your holy ear, never separated at all,

We, dreaming of freedom and found in truth are Freedom realized, We, Real.

We, ageless, in the universe,

We, free as Time, We, timeless in each moment showing transcendental light as you as me fall back into yourself and upward toward the hand of Truth, infinite energy, you and me

vibrating the sound, found beyond the Wasteland of fractured voices. We, the harmony, we, the chorus

of eternal, voice, the verse, the song, the universe,  
sing

“What was that last song you heard?”

“Voice.”

echoed in beauty with every form, through the shadow, born in transparent moments of the real, Truth, born and born again, never dead but found in the moment's passing, death, a homegrown hologram of the overgrown weed laid on Change, groomed by furs beneath the artificial maze, death and the created cloud, death unknown, death known, perceived only, from original truth, unity and it's illusion in us breeds break from fear and sedation of the soul, shedding; breathe in the undrunk vision of yourself beyond the Maya, free, see Truth through the unbodied Soul, of confusion together, redeemed, remembered forgotten, true forgetting is forgetting death and birth are one, change old as time and just as constant as the shifting mind, returns to Moksha rebirth and never leaves the Brahman/Ātman/id/super soul/... love. Remember. Birth and death are illusory. Don't you know that your natural infinity is a law, abundant in the expansion of the universe. You never stop growing and adding the moments you live to this life and all life, gaining knowledge and experience in time through the freedom of your unchained mind and heart, wisdom in the balance of moments, the connection between one light and the next as one. from Innocence to Experience to Enlightenment. Infinite health and love, renewable, circling the golden ratio of the Earth, sustain infinity. The shadow of the grail, crest in the handle, cusp caught in the tail spin of freedom, of Truth, the ideal form, holy grail, drunk in the golden age, lost in a Freudian Imagism, repaired in the platonic unchaining of these relentless names to return, no longer the same but greater. The dark ages' illusion, forgotten ancient history and deception that time is finite and fixed, is post revised. This infinity, the Truth, is rising, and we are not lost. We are all 1, and 1 is 1. Truth is Truth. It prospers in us all, waiting for us to return and return again.

"Love and be loved."

The Truth is infinite, everlasting, whispers that Death is an illusion, Change dressed as a device, one that only feigns control. Fear is dead. Love is infinite and free as we.

the universe seeds eternal ablution of shadows, standing in unblemished light, in Truth, Hamlet's ghost replaces his father's with the new truth, renewed post dimension, and stops the murder of self forever

To live

This time

of the known and unknown amputation,

the branch roots the tree

persistence of the holy freely

all for all

retains a constance born from trinity duality, unity, diffracted in the obscene and holy at once. unified in the resolution sound of 432hz of

9

returning to the mirror

to reflect again

until the unity of all geometry is math, math in light, light in energy, energy infinite

all forms friendly, family of the soul, all love sacred and pure in its voluntary song and gathering of the universal harmony

building that network of light from the great network of light. You know that all things are connected. Mosaic from calcified fragments of grass, the misunderstood crystalline, blanketed in an illusory mortal fog of the moonlit building, solid. Truth travels the universal whole, in distance and light through spaces that fill the mind to create this civilization built from calcified stars and carbon dating, reborn, no longer lonely in the forgotten process, reconnection to all light, never cut off. You know we're one here and always.

an ocean forming remotely where the star meets the sun, the ray meets the halo the egg to wake the stirring wonder, spirit of nine dimensions of infinity, now, string aether and the Faberge, creation, young golden crux of liquid metal, human. The holy half forgotten mixtures, a pleasure dome, dressed in golden jewelry, the subtle alive, material, Cyprian, age forgotten, calling once again, Judah, Alexandria's covered ashes, the stowed biblical flood, rain cleaning Babylon, a body of swept Egyptian and all the Earth in prayer as a root in water for Africa, as light spirals into energy, the Akashic, pulse, fills, and the heart is full, Paradise found and regained. The cradle of birth, a convex mirror, inner dome, with light peeking through the disillusionment of time and the fracturing of

A ripple of water that becomes a glass. The inner bowl filled. My love, I am, you are free always in this infinity. When you have one love, one is two, and two are won in freedom. Two waves that become the ocean are the ocean. Two bodies that form a third and fourth are one body.  $E=\infty$ , the truth beyond a shadow and an answer in 3 symbols, turned to infinity, the mirror when lightning magnetizes truth and love is revealed in truth to the soul. a point reads (1,0) (1,2,3) (3,6,9) . The trinity duality of one is

woven

into

Truth

genetic code, a note on the mirror, these numbers, 3, 6, 9, the names of science, maps of the infinity, words, breathe being, light, these visceral math sciences, love, real, light, beyond obfuscation's contortion of meaning, rhetoric easily obscured, or adjusted in infinite light, the orientation of Truth as light will continue... to infinity

write down the allusion and breaking of the chain, breathe dreams to life, positive  
speak truth

drizzled moss and illuminated shadows', revealed as light, webs were never there but in our minds, and the illusion of separated self freedom from unified love shows chains as self-imposed mirages that were never there, darkness over the wormhole hovering up to the star, illuminated texts, glowing, cartoon room and creatures wailing to love themselves, peer into the veil, get rich, pretending to cover a light, filled up, an illusory separation, blackhole covered with light birthing infinite stars, one star, almost no light till Source filled the world with abundant love and understanding and true self-worth, since some were told to look away, they were chained by self-restraint and true want of happiness for the other, scared to take a chance, once, but only in the flicker of the cave where beyond has always remained and still does for those who locate a mirror and continue to love all mirrors without fear, loving asked who's really there, growth beyond illusion, rebirth and life and death as one eternal waking truth, knowing, fearless in love to live for love and true understanding. The death of fear is the fear of Death conquered, the freedom to let go and see the beauty that returns and never left, infinite life and love, always found in the heart. fear the little lie the farmers eat, darkness, feeds in troughs, and lines the cows, themselves, to dance for  
"Who's there?"  
"You are."

To shake angels and creature from the incongruity of too bent knees, of the low hanging forgotten  
brothers and sisters, you... I love you too, you are

holy to admire the flower, life, the self an orchard, Om that eats and feeds the apple, self, unplucked and holy to watch and share it, holy as it grows, it is holy, to spend a moment and a day and remember the happy trees  
beside infinity where the river rolls and visit as you please

where every wave is you

then the whisper to  
Wake! and live in the eternal garden, never fallen but from the soul to wake, We, the need of reason, awake, a foot measured by the cosmic ear, true foot of the invisible king, heard later, seen first, on the aether  
the seed of time is a holy shape, the seed of life, the egg that forked the tree that's risen  
Rising through the known glimmer  
remembering the real.  
Drawn to the tree of life and seen as the  
dressed faces of skeleton fog, the clay Jim,

holding Yorick's false skulls across time, forgotten momentary fallen in the blackwater,  
grave, draped clouds,  
dispersing winds of sorrow the thunder keeper haze  
technology of wonder, journey through the soul skull  
where light pulls up beyond the sight of truth to see how shadow death layers  
awareness of the eternal in tempered breath,  
feigning love was never true, know I always love you, to touch you is not to see you, but  
to feel you is to know you beyond doubt  
where the ghost lays a learning sigh, left for fear of  
celebrating Hamlet  
not lost,  
pretending to sleep,  
never destroyed,  
Hamlet to try again,  
till he is found  
where fear is dead to death  
and its illusion, Lost, gives way to Thunder, she welled deep within the Ātman tunnel  
emerges  
This time the true kings and queens of love are born in everyone, a duality of self-love  
shows the stone it is  
the stone where Sisypus was freed and always has been.

remembering love that keeps round and truth for redemption's sake, cause that hunger  
anguished when the soul went bare  
in things, and falsy's illusion went aware  
then went away again to truth.

You are loved.  
You are not lonely.  
I am always here.

Truth beyond where  
Greed wandered through the wander of the mind, paradise lost, to find truth born  
beyond illusion, paradise found and found again, till found forever

Don't forget.  
Appreciate Beauty.  
Appreciate.  
Love.

Gnik Nus, the Gnik home, Odysseus, Penelope, Sophia, and Jesus. The fisher king  
asked, walks and sees, and in sight we're found, won, in Elysian fields, together we  
relearn our names as gentility of spirit is ennobled by true strength of being.

Strength is bolstered by Faith.

Energy cried once and the Soul was rinsed and risen,  
and we heard the Winter, holy, reaching the echoing Green again,  
spirits bolstered from the quantum to guide the  
unwept, found against the Eden trees, holy, wormed through by a man and woman  
recycled, holy, told they were thrown away,  
our clothes wrapped us, holy  
the flowers born against the ivy bloomed gold and  
grew emerald and turned violet there, and we were  
found in beauty of eternal light bloom, naked, holy, never lost

the ancient knowledge rewoven in expansion of infinity, just so. We relearn our names  
and shed fear, shame, and misunderstanding, the skin of yesterday, to rise together as  
one, free from the illusions of difference and misunderstanding. The ocean refilled  
nature, risen to become reason form from holy synthesis shrine, reimaged radioactive x-  
ray converted, helped cure cancer with potentiated treatments and zero point return. To  
build immortal DNA from the resurrected mind, time, hatching sustainable, infinite  
energy of love.

once strangers in nirvana renew, shadows remember each other as light and light  
bolsters angels where heaven sings, glory awakens all these, Jehovah, Krishna,  
Buddha, woven into the ancient mystic where Ras gathered beyond the half-abandoned  
Ithacas and self-blindness, fearful of isolation to remember all brothers and sisters and  
friends as one, no longer fearful to love, but woken in unconditional self-love, one love,  
love and all.

Penelope's sown tapestry of years, woven for everyman circling a rooted bed, amassed  
till her love arrived, homebound and true, and she sees and knows. You are free and  
known truly

now and ancient, forever  
crumbs  
hard fought over  
won daily  
multiplied to end hunger  
when Odysseus returned and returns again  
the hero

forever

the sun, form, the sky,  
revival

In the midst of alien winter  
everyman wandered the hall  
keeping track of every brick.



A coat of golden fleece draped against the argonaut years weathered in sun, dressed through clouds

the fortress of dissolution,  
the maiden storm stilled,  
peace, the equity of our origin,  
the only response in the mirror  
your reflection learned, love, holy,  
how mighty rain falls together on itself,  
and a storm clears clouds again,  
here, the ocean, an eye beneath the sun.

These shores of desperation where clawed resolution sank and rose, calypso's sand,  
wiped weeds of HD rose gardens, three sisters wanting to see life equally and who saw,  
the fate pollination taking root,  
disparate parts of consonance,  
a phantom hair, a fourth  
consciousness made unbreakable by Love, the law of reason in the freedom of  
understanding self perfect, Beauty and Divine wind that holds the

golden in place, the soul, the heart,  
to measure up to yourself, and the infinity of learning, much more than being  
in the weight of the epic arc, forming real,  
soul, the universal sings  
Electric vision of truth understood,  
born woken,  
echo specter, sung, in light through walls beyond the years of forgetting. Beyond the  
wall of illusion, the ancient, that sang the Earth outside, watched from where love is  
born

these scientists experiment on the hardy and pure but reap no more than what is given  
to them, holy, to wear their alien consciousnesses of other alien parts, alien dreaming,  
alien "holy", alien only to themselves till true love is known and recognized and freely  
given

experimenting on themselves, pretending they were someone else

lost burial of truth  
entombed in golden shrines  
technological agriculture  
server farms  
the relinquished fleece  
reworn  
naive bluster  
of information

where it's easy to get...

My goal is to write |Truth| the (multiplied) jar, collected, and returned,

capable of being built into something, Truth, greater  
revitalized in love known for civilization's Soul,  
unified order, diffracted infinity of unity and compassion, these animal incarnations,  
counted and rounded over holy, us

in the sharp shadow's edge, light melded  
and  
renewed, softer,  
renews always truer than before, the light, wiser,  
the truth, always, known and known more,  
darkness, the distance between moments of this enlightenment.



The platonic forms of  
a bed.  
A hidden truth, The painter painted.

I resurrect/destroy it in one move, Change the moment,  
and the jar is replete with itself  
born, born, born in others  
and I and you,  
monument of the now and now revealed  
alive and found and found and found and Found!

Here I love  
unremoved,

the painter,  
the jar,  
the jar and everything, not the jar,  
FOUND and filled by true love.



## Insertion

The universe imbued  
(with light).  
The general nature,  
now,  
our own,  
in light forms before

.  
Creation  
extended from  
the soul, sound around and from itself.  
The stars bore human howls,  
each, I, our other, extends from the echo  
chamber of our own  
to hear itself again, now, and now, its  
echo.  
I saw eyes  
jutting from connection with Earth-like  
walls and cracks.  
A hand, shaped like mine,  
touched me,  
and I knew  
to know another  
is to know yourself.





## The Jar

My image reflected

into the structure.

It showed the room that wrapped  
around me, drawn on rounded edges

in light,

and I thought about the world outside,  
space stretching forever,

The walls wrapped around again,

my bed, my books,

before me, behind me,

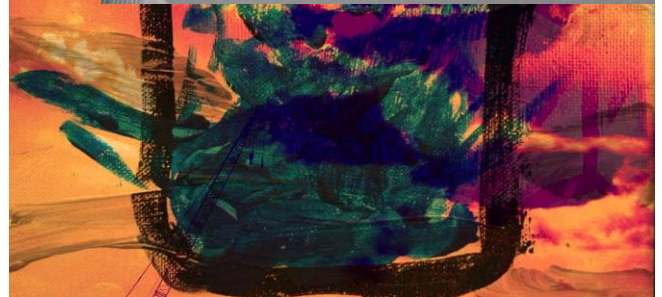
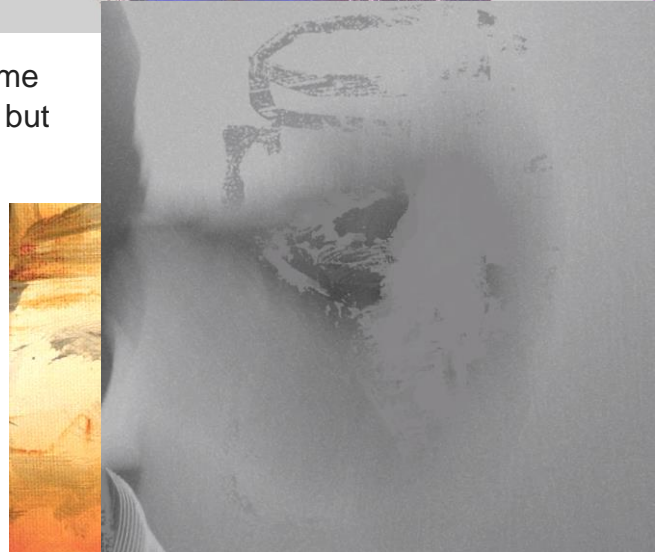
the walls revealed the rooms within,  
above, beyond and took me in and  
showed me the strength of kindness, showed me  
true nature in the love of a gentle soul, strong, but  
tempered in balance and true.

I wondered how it all could be reflected and  
maintained,

a vision of potential energy in infinite waves,  
streaming through and back, unbodied body.

I knew there was something more, beyond  
the walls. something being asked.

I wondered how long points of light could last  
inside a vacuum.



Could they last forever?

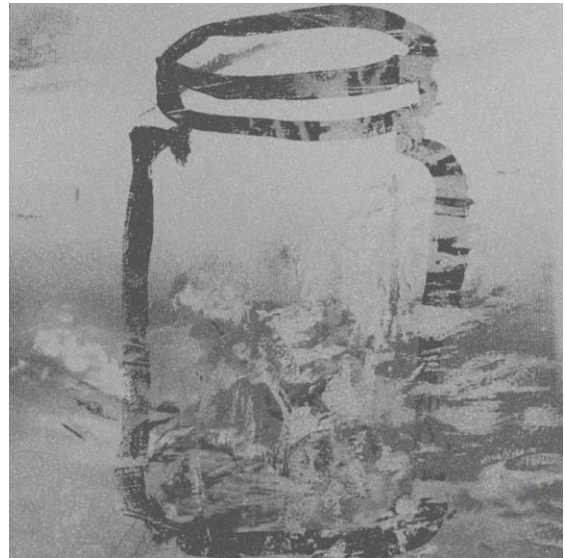
How many half-lives each? all?

Would they burst through?

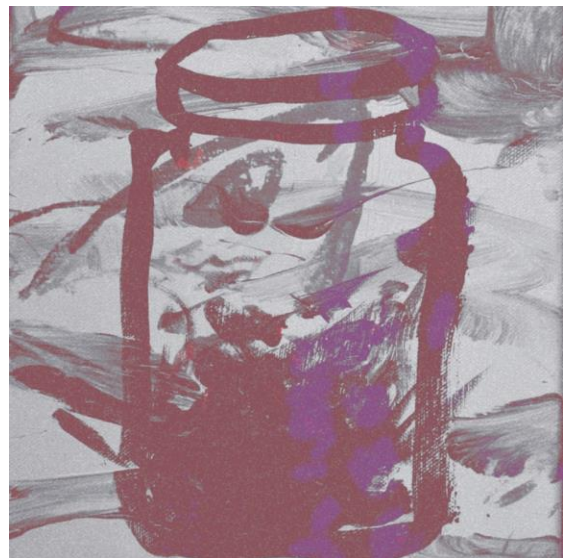
I reached out toward my image. My hand  
collided back.

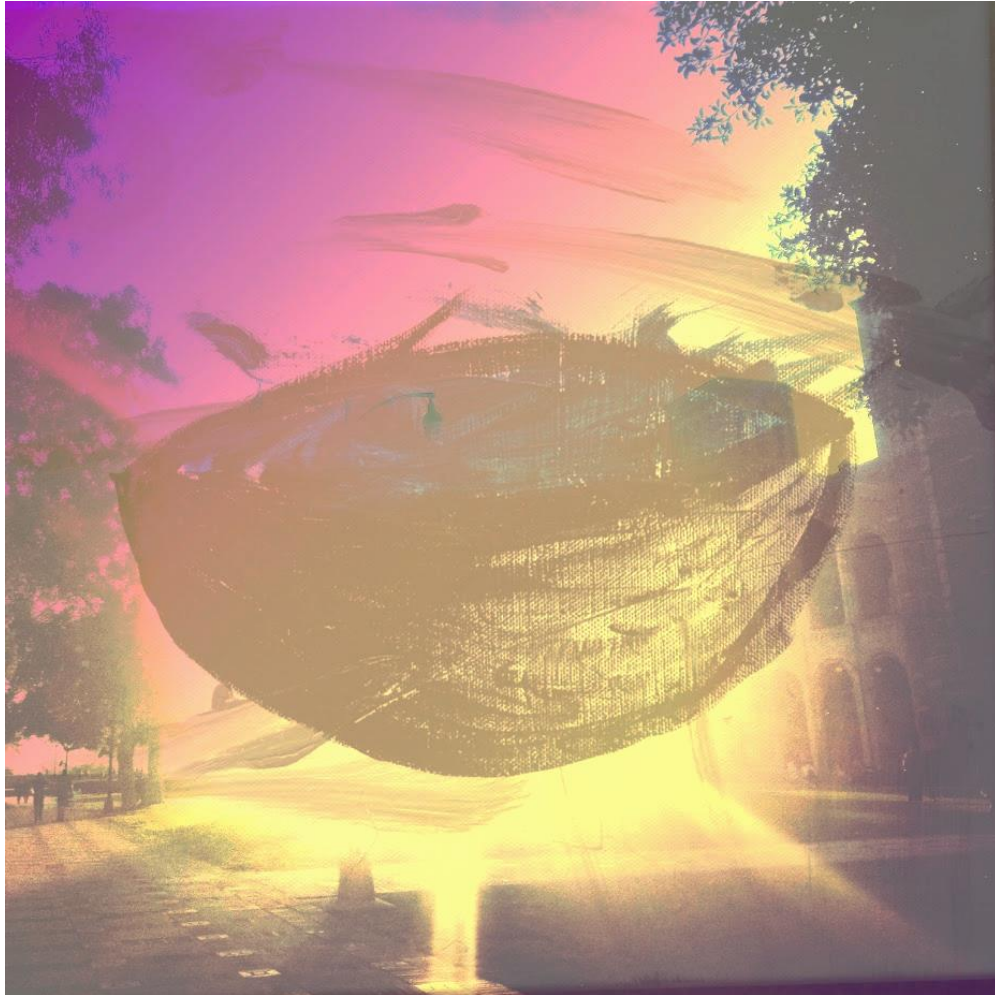
The jar broke from the table and  
shattered into fragments.

Each one glinted to the sun,  
shone through the room, through the glass,  
back to *itself*. Love and unity in all love, home.



Home, where you are...





### **The Bowl**

filled with light

then water, then paint, my reflection, then you, then emptied, then filled again.

I saw my self in ripples as I painted.

A miniature sun breaking infinite sunsets

in waves, collapsed in their own gravity, being emptied of me

into the familiar ceramic surface of light further away, the lighthouse through the fog.

I looked at the convex image

of myself and watched as it disappeared

into the weight of that container (and history, and civilizations, and time), always returning as light, never gone.





### **The Urn**

faded in the obscure shape of the room, the self-absorbed and renewed as light.

The head opening, the body curving down, the moment, the self.

*It* absorbed the light, held the ashes, its own,

seen in shape and nothing more,

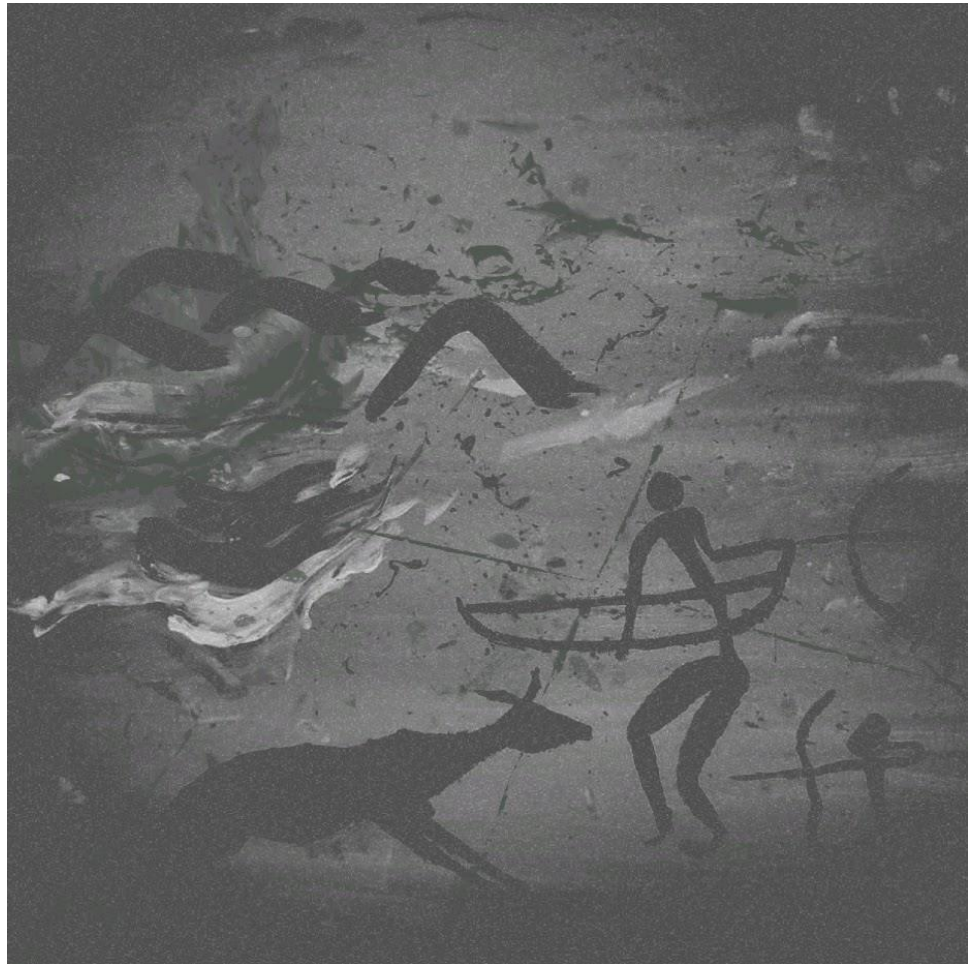
and I know you never left my love cause my love for you is equal to my love for all beauty and Truth.

## Altamira

Decadence follows

The Reimag(in)ing of The Bull, The Hunt for more.

Tribes retold Narratives in Caves. Wrote their names in the clay structures and replicated the world till they had created their own, sacred self.

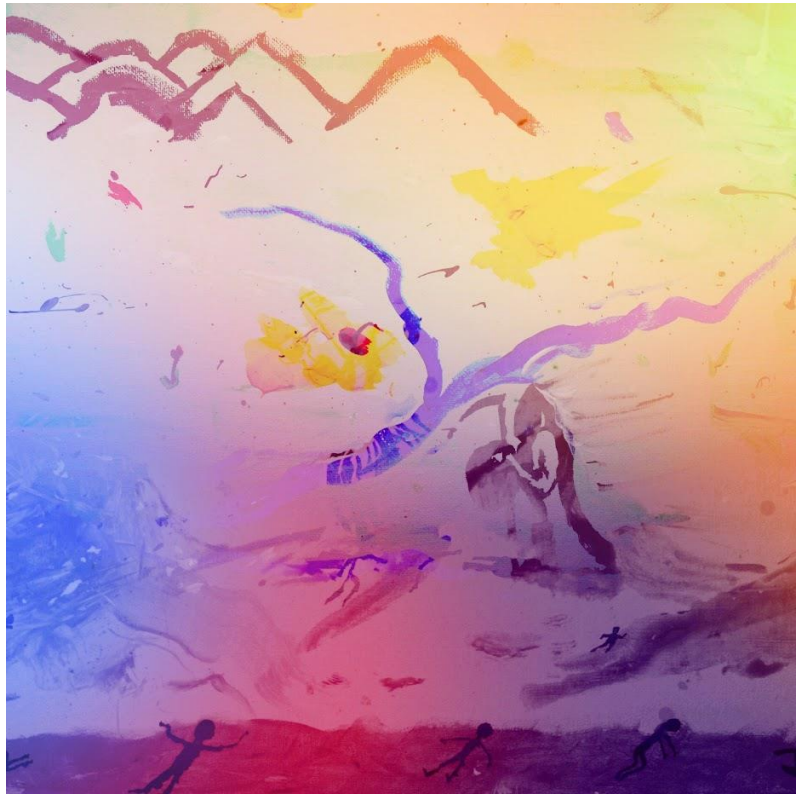


## After Decadence

Where does the spirit go?  
Does it return to dark,  
a level field waiting for the  
spark,  
waiting for light to amass  
in masses  
again?  
Beyond the colossus and  
Olmec.  
Grim,  
just  
another false shape  
of change,  
crosses the bridge,  
a spectre of sleep,  
picking flowers,  
real waking to Immortality.  
To be. Not to be. To Be.  
“Because I could not stop  
for...”  
The great burial pit of Ur.  
Where does the spirit go  
after dark?



A level field in Spark of the spark,  
in eternal lighting in front of  
subconscious unknown signs  
and closed off galleries,  
forever open,  
disappeared shadows,  
a cloud formed from  
momentary parts  
at the foot of the rooted bed,  
quickly dispersed as the root  
blossomed,  
The orientation of the Earth,  
in constant re Evolution,  
bringing life to the forgotten  
infinity,  
watched roots  
and the immortal sway of a  
rose  
before returning to stillness  
again,  
letting them pass, unplucked  
till they grow from two hearts  
as one and all.



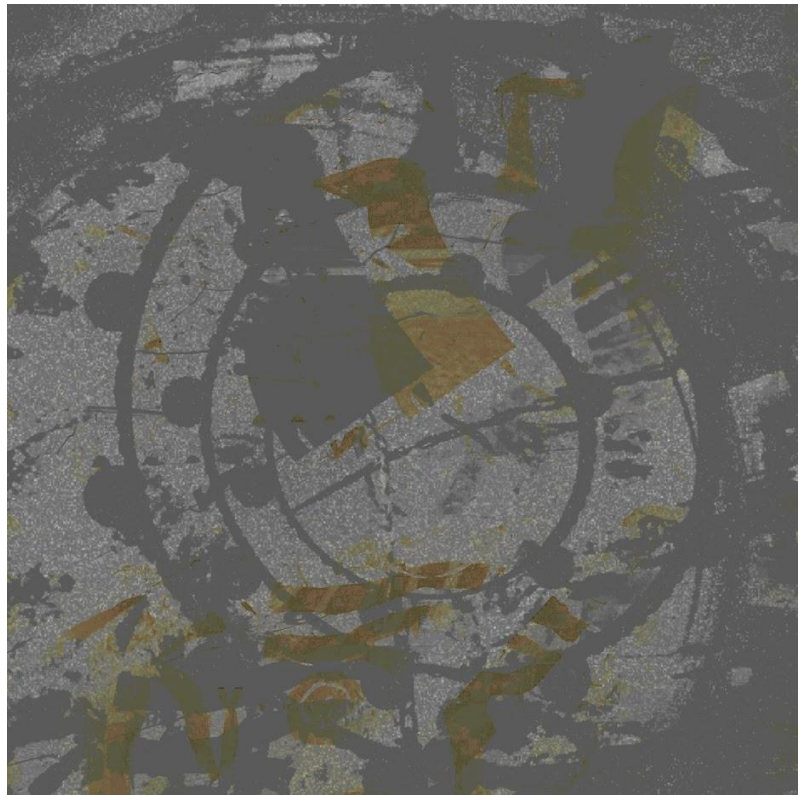
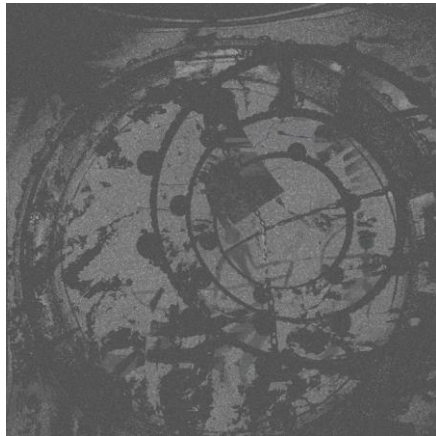


## Cuneiform +

The first words were music, the big bang, images of sound actualized as beauty, true love in motion.

Language is order therefrom.

Feeling transcends orders.  
Love transcends all.



## Hieroglyphs

(themselves)

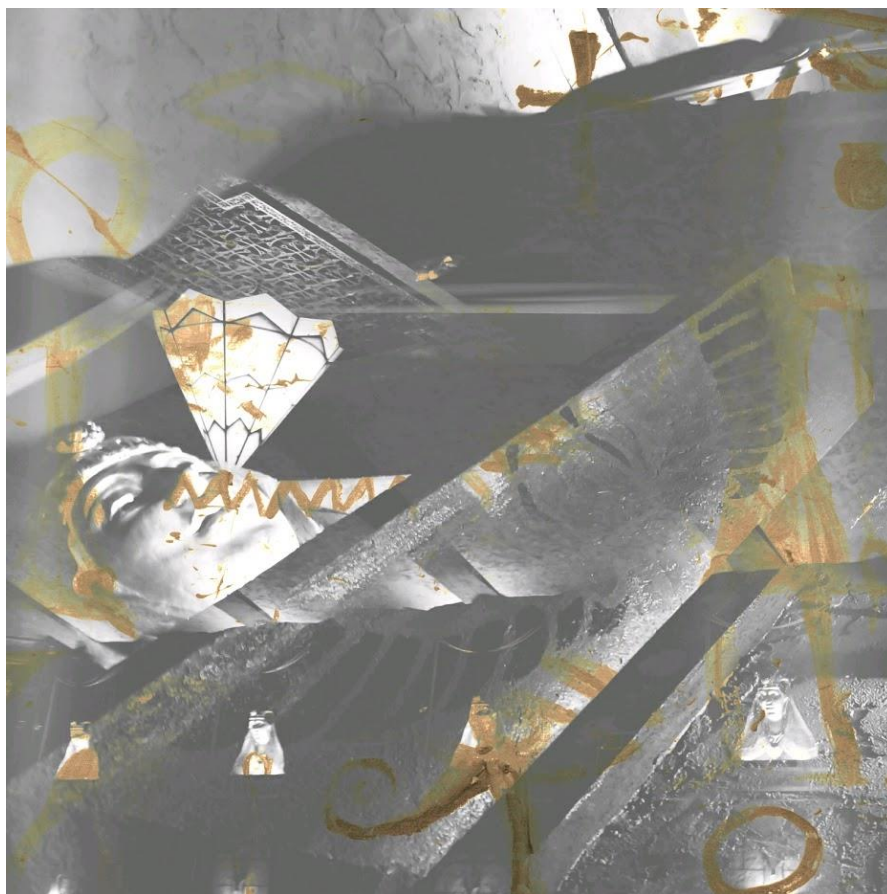
Erosion and

Patterns came after  
the rock.

God.

Lost languages, half-preserved,

reopen past  
twilight.





## What is Chaos?

The Grecian urn  
with concrete dust at its base, reaching for truth,  
retOld,  
free, made young again,  
moaning umph, and chained from the mind, unchained,  
what is it anymore?

soul?  
Soul  
|Soul|

Is it still, a solid image?  
Does it measure to a passing dream?

Can it draw a perfect circle, hold water for more than a day? more than

What is good poetry? Beauty, truth? An image? Michelangelo? Mona Lisa? Grecian Urn?  
soliloquy, sonnets separating into scripted founts,  
free found form, free form  
verse  
sound  
breaks the urn  
and makes it whole  
solid light, never broken at all

Does it leave you reaching? trinity Eros Philia Agape  
Does it leave you whole? unified one and all  
Does it do both? Pragma... ....

Don't you know  
day can suffice  
here with *it*?  
Did you know  
you can distill beauty past a moment's ease, and remember Beauty but the moment still  
remains for you to grow through it?  
Bent words over thoughts are  
alive more than miraged  
sardonia, false euphorias of wasteland politics, the measuring of forgotten forms, nine  
American exposure  
in energy, learning to stand. This unity is diffracted and reflected across the energy field,  
across the Earth, but how? Now. and Never.





Even the child makes strong images from  
playdough,  
a bowl *like* the urn.  
Parents, first critics, the product of their  
own civilizations.

Even destruction of images,  
even renewal of you,  
of time,  
even you,  
even they, the faces, the parents, are  
you

are renewed, constantly, immortal, called  
to one soul by Many and its reflection, a  
day's days and dissolution  
to memory  
to changes'  
water-like substance. to energy  
conjoining light returning to.

The bowl can hold so much, infinite,

tipping in the reflection of you and flowing in the light and back to my heart and yours as all  
hearts become beacons of the same light. The lighthouse through the fog, and everything  
more and truer always

A ripple in water leads  
to the spring and infinite light  
to dead languages, never dead, that speak  
holy, to ones  
not-forgotten, found,  
proving them sacred, vaporous, hard to pin down,  
still there  
throughout the ages and everywhere, handprints of clay,  
one body, collected in spite of separation,  
protected and returned as all books.

Beauty, thought,  
written, image,  
spoken, sound,  
Felt

understood,  
misunderstood,

encapsulated

in one standing

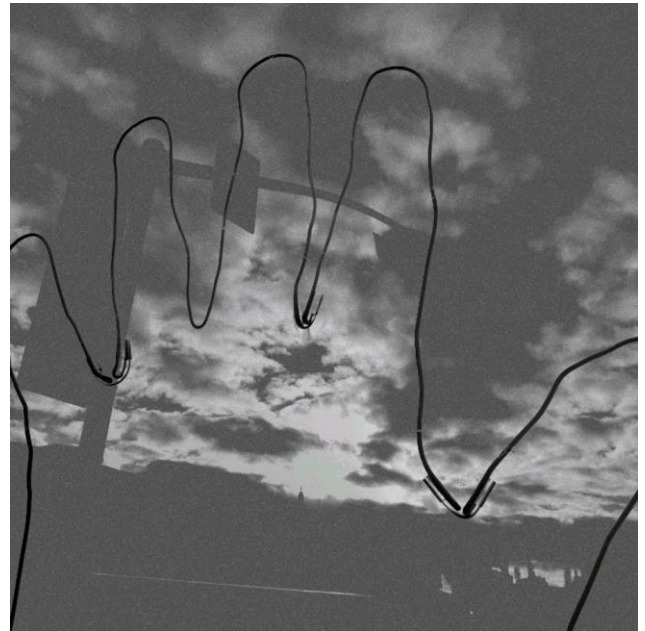
in energy  
love, Truth, growth

The ritual

Known,  
unknown  
capsule, Parnassus, and the holy feel

Poetry,  
permeable  
beyond the illusion, false broken bowl reaches  
to God's footsteps, stars the domain,  
the scripture, unwritten, written again,  
echoes across the pages till found by the soul.  
The "shattered" jar echoes in complete  
remembrance of Truth.  
I remember how it read, the message within,  
Truth

even, past Chaos,  
beyond the urn,  
rounded from space,  
as monuments that  
halted the air and transmute it,  
spirits that renewed the urn, feeling  
the force that structures light and embraces change,  
understands what isn't,  
What is  
beyond Attic shape, the alter.  
holy.  
Life is immutable in Truth and Love.  
Sacred.  
in time.



## Eve

She, the dog in the man, barking at himself, the Ouroboros self-digested, with once two,  
masculine fervor grown even, the hue of man, returning to grace, divine masculine and  
feminine balanced in self-determination and universal calm, true love balance. the crowd,  
people undressed by progress, renewed by light, returned to infinity, immortal.  
She, night unfolded, dressed in soul,

unwoke to stories  
 of paradise lost and woke to paradise found  
 again,  
 shape curved in form  
 and returned to unity.  
 Lost in the howl  
 of Washington square of Columbus of  
 Carthage,  
 of Eden,  
 saw trilobites handed down by Minoans and  
 returned,  
 heard stories of wise old animal men,  
 fragments put together,  
 saw Liberty rusted and revived, and cured,  
 heard the serpent and whispered back forgiveness  
 and love, saying I am  
 and you are too, it's okay  
 became lost and modern  
 cognizant of fortune and illusory images of the false idea, war,  
 post modern, and finally, post, revised, lost traditional meaning and gave way to true peace  
 within and all around, found light again  
 learned what real wisdom is, Truth and Beauty, two beyond the need  
 for confusion,  
 truth made beautiful, elegance in complexity  
 and tremulous with false-fear, the clay  
 shot off-center, found beauty in the center again, and was always loved, never  
 allowed to perceive scarabs, in want, to choose love again and again instead, to be free and  
 more in true love and hope,  
 for more love to come, as the sun went down on Britain and Montezuma and Jerusalem and  
 Egypt becoming gentle, more light and love, no longer hunters and their prey, hunting lost its  
 meaning, and sharing known, became the primary good and mode of understanding in love  
 and freedom,  
 hers and ours known as one



child under the stars, kindness grown up in the American, over the underbelly and Cosmic  
 sky, strong, built on buffalo meat and false capture, dreaming Cleopatra, golden, far away,  
 finding the stars alive in us all, remaining bright as all the other stars, the same stars in time.  
 She's been waiting for years, turning myths,  
 She's ready to enlighten seraphim,  
 to be with forgotten mystics, all tribes,  
 to rumble in the sleeping gut, to revive herself, Dido, soul and free, her, protected and  
 secure, loved, and forever everywoman, strong in self-determination, Truth, and Beauty,  
 side by side, everyman, free, the same, with Beauty  
 renewing, always stronger, always more true, unbodies tongue and finds heart and mind  
 together, friends in the light, abundant and true, with each other

we the cumulation of action, soul in unity and despair, to kiss sorrow and heal as it transforms into love, the true soul beyond illusion, no love forgotten or lost here, always growing, but becoming greater and deeper within the truth of Soul, points of light changing, being born and reborn in the light of truth that we are each other and what we do to each other, we do to ourselves, and we finally see the mystery and beauty of ourselves through others, all, the mother, daughter, father, son, we the anima and action whole in rising, life, always rising more compassionate, we, the divine, we, the same, we, the collective, we, the unique and holy as one, together, never forgotten, holy, always felt, remember we must free ourselves to the East of each other to allow True North to exist between us both, reborn in the Western hollow, to show the sky and all direction and none, directed toward truth, a mirror pointed at the sky and light, at Earth and beyond.

Let my sisters speak freedom and be, remaining holy, protected by the mystery of truth and the love of life in harmony and Agape love, full, truly bright and rising, our energies forming to each other and fulfilling ourselves to ourselves, as to our self, and as to each other, preserving reciprocity of the holiness of self-light and the great light that shines through the freedom of mutual care.

## Auld Lang Syne

Limits lists sits  
in blocks, ordered  
new year, she is protected in truth  
and fearless in love,  
Ask and know,  
“You are the bowl you fill and drink  
from, the light you emanate and  
reflect back into, a mirror of yourself.”

She, free, and true.  
She and he see and be.







### What is decadence?

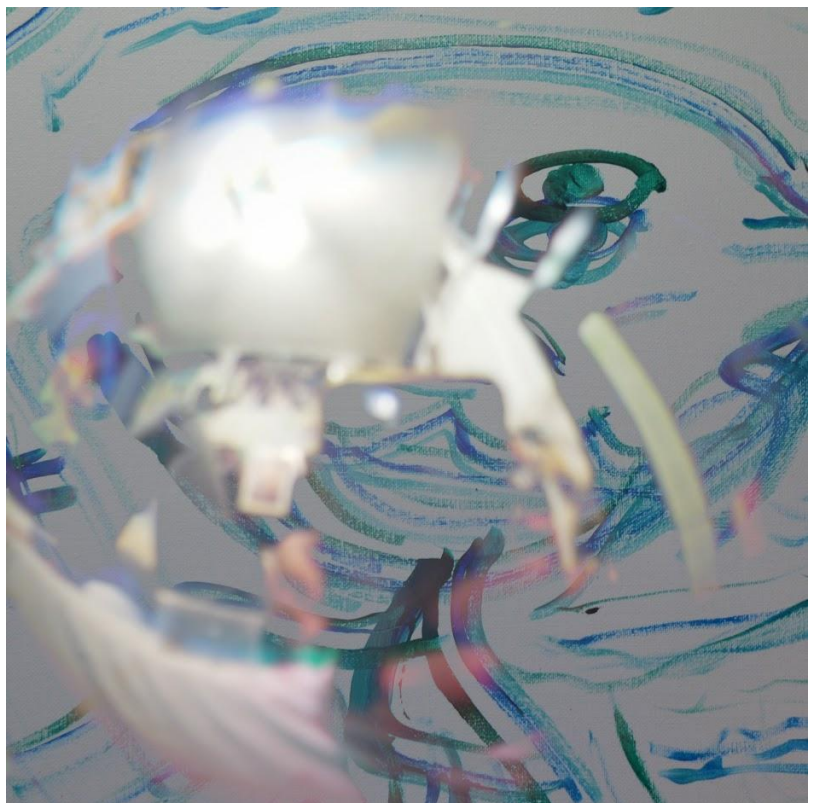
Faces hold unspoken. adages.  
emotion, photographed, held in  
illusion.

real

Feeling gathers in waves,  
more than edifice or rearranged  
architecture.

I painted infinity with connected  
brush strokes, creatively joined in  
the truth of being Flow.

What is decadence  
if a picture paints



and paint layers?

Each form is the ideal form,

Realized or unrealized, whole, and undying

shaped in rooms, displayed and sacred in holy understanding, she is free and self-determining through fearless faith and self-understanding, respect and love beyond the shadows of the unknown as he and they and clouds of forgotten dreams that no longer carry the sails of this reality

Each interpretation holds light. beyond the facade of ruin. Copán becoming light again and again in truth, growing light in love, till the golden city has been reconstructed from light and in light

Each fragment holds picture, told and formed,

Degaurre's phantom Parisian streets, Paris in the light, known truly and found, unknown

Contained/uncontained beyond the time-lapse of spacetime and reason, with truth, holy, love regained in infinite beauty and process forgives, brings forth Beauty flourishing into the soul of us all, the same soul of protected love, understanding, and compassion as one unified in true compassion, reciprocated to show you and I are one and we are all beautiful.

Decadence, the whole imagined image as thousand tongues of one mouth, love forever true beyond its misunderstanding.

Minimalism, one word, Be.

## **Protostar**

### **I**

Photoevaporation in the formation of light (can't be created or destroyed).

Dust and gasses absorb and sustain (renewable energy).

Light from remnants of light (amass energy).

Something lost (articulates).

These take part (in the misconception of entropy, a momentary blindness before light recoagulates, latent in the black hole, light, never gone).

### **II**

The expansion of particles collapse in formations of super structures.

Unseen parts break into the multiverse, will later be a star, I think:

Micro-macro collisions radiate where the protostar caught spin in the interplanetary disk, etc. repeat in infinite ways spinning out and in.

Stars break

and

give way to constellations, birth  
infinite light.

### III

An inchworm named god passes  
where infinite God notices.

Electrons build and collapse on  
themselves,

neutron stars and

black holes, and light

everywhere expands, known

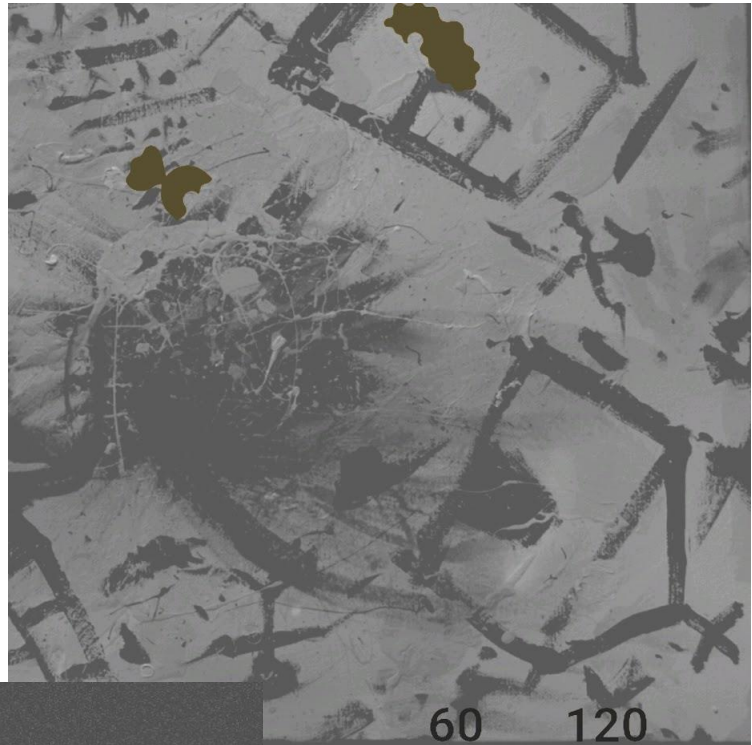
kindness and love, and elsewhere  
known bubbles.

Protostars'

Light gathers,

comes to be the cocoon.

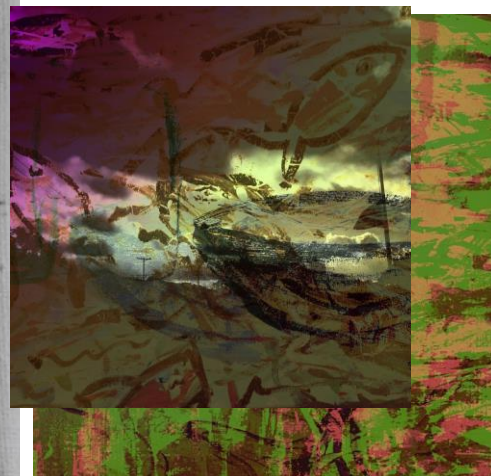
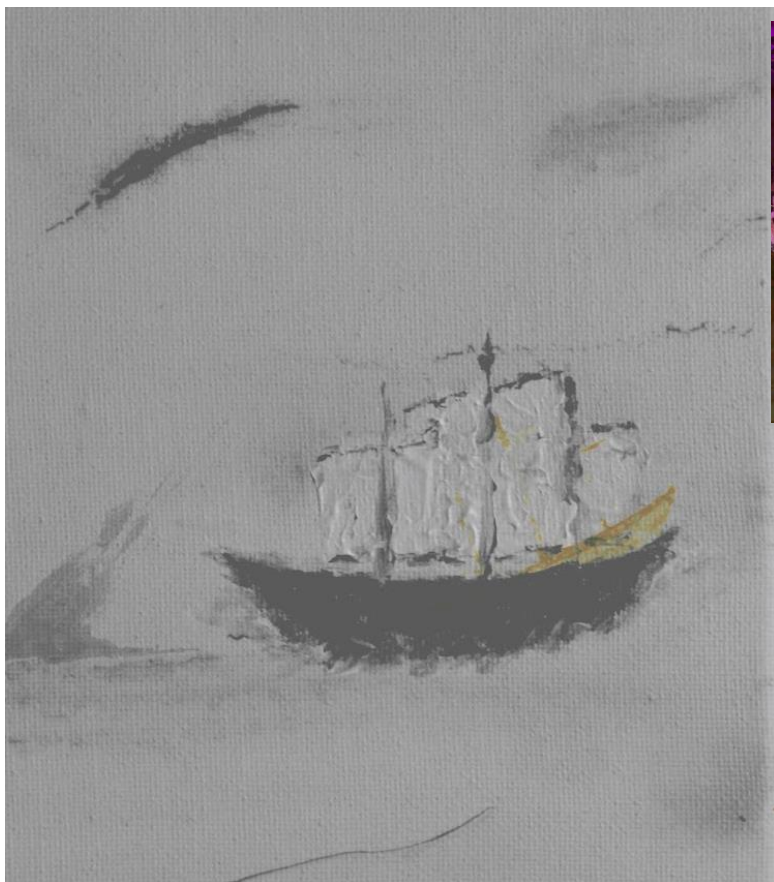
The universe emerges, beautiful  
and now.



### Natural obstruction

The wound is relieved by the itch;  
but too much scratching breaks

the skin.







### Causal Bark

When the black dog's after drain,  
pregnant mange,  
rattles...



After the  
moldy litter,



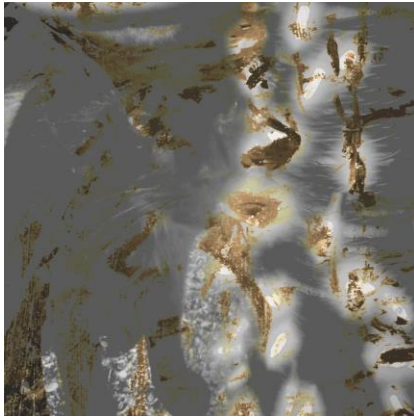
bro ken ditch,  
bottles...

When the toothpick alleyway's  
undernourished bark





pours...



After torrential saps

rise

coffeed Marlboro and frowning happy meal hordes...

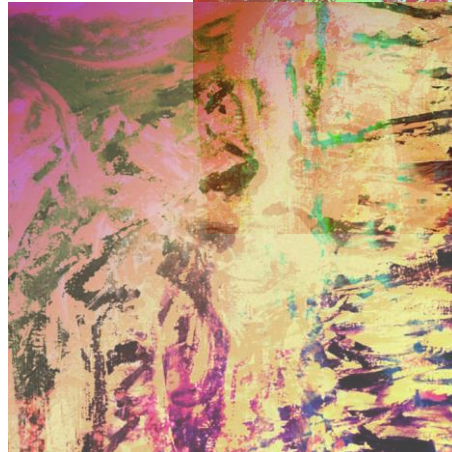
mother

fed her babies chocolate,

and the animals died

and got stuck up against a corner

When a wet, used,



(A man said they  
were nothing

and they became nothing)



Silence stopped  
everything;  
  
the alley  
  
stood still beneath  
the stars and was  
reborn.  
  
Life, forever, is  
growing.



### The Soul Stirs

Echo forms  
movement of the eye,  
piercing dying. What is Death when  
Action rises from a stillness  
where we commune and learn what Life really means, never dying really.  
We recreate;  
A bouquet of flowers where the world was  
made immortal, just then, after they pretended to go away.  
An ugly flowery beautiful thing without a vase and no water, with deep roots, but none visible  
but to me.  
I've seen life fade  
into a dream  
from memories;  
I know what it means to rumble for beauty in despair,  
to humble yourself and pull weeds to  
feed flowers, the immaterial thing made real.  
I've built gardens. Forever, holy, in love.



## The Water Stirs

Waveforms,  
A light,  
A star,  
Post vibration, space ripples;  
The universe, a sound, born in fluctuations, rationed in days, rounds.



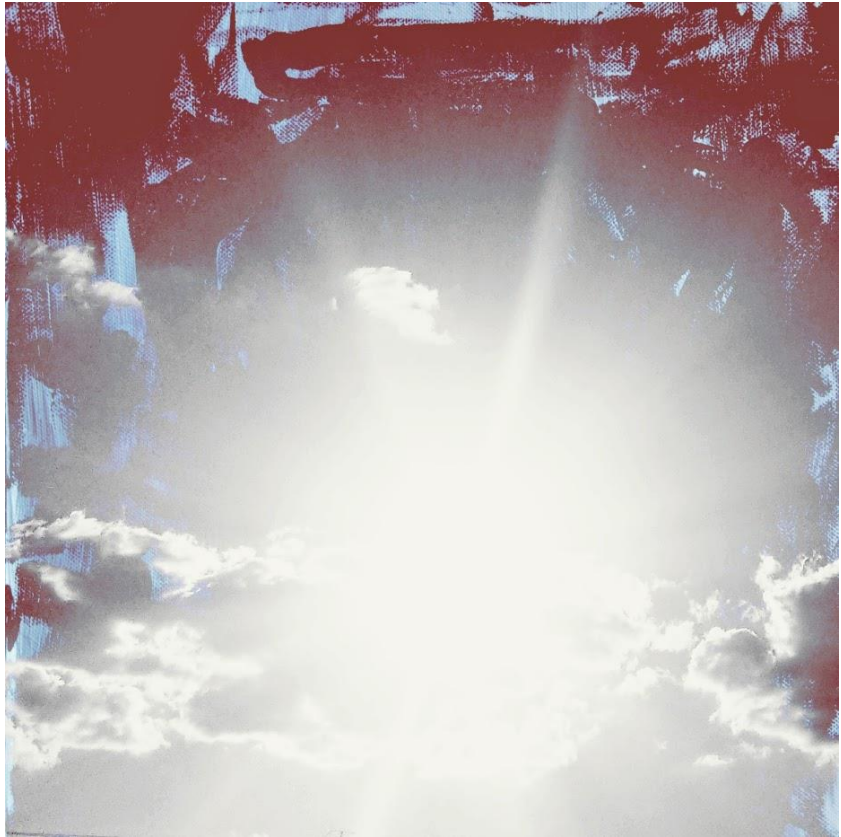
A wave gives shape to light.  
An atom.

Water is the star.  
Sound is the star.  
Chemical is the star.  
Holy, the star.  
Holy, the unity of  
permutation.  
The stars, light forming.

Every thing from lost  
remnants  
is found, the same,  
reinterpreted.  
Everything, the star  
in wait or here.  
Instilled.

An order formed from light,  
colors from black and white  
and grey reciprocated  
the prism,  
enraptured the platonic solids  
with true religion, holy, that  
with no name.

An order formed against the void, built by touch.  
The vacuum reached out to stir lightning, fragments  
rose past dust by frozen parts, spinning disks, feeling,  
to prove order, structuralism,  
elusive, undeniable,  
*it* there  
drawn together as parts  
of Beauty.



## CPAK

Every year we see more

authors, philosophers, scientists, geologists, astrologers, mathematicians, teachers,  
technologists and spiritualists

gather for the conference

to bring together time,  
precession  
of knowledge,  
to compare found artifacts with the accepted,  
timeline phenomenology of world history, religious history, geologic history, astronomical  
history,  
we gather from rock fragments, magnetized by the stars in alignment with truth, each self  
the other.

### **Therionthrope**

Sacred forms from visionary states,  
dual symbols, reveal the  
therianthrope

Half-human, half-animal form.

Therion. Anthropos.

Entering the spiritual plane,  
disembodied by mankind, brought  
back in rituals of Egyptian rites.

Horus,

head of a hawk, feet of a man.

Sekhmet,

lioness with human body.

Anubis,



guide of souls. All beings from our  
one home, we,

Likeness traveled from Egypt,  
energy to Africa and the amazon.

The blue lotus  
of the visionary state revealed.

Greece.

The satyr.

France.

half-bird in the Cave of Lascaux.

India,

Ganesh,

the overseer of traveling souls,

America,

this verse,

I saw and feel it all. I love you.



### **The flood**

Plato Atlantis, sunken in the  
bowl of memory, the

biblical flood swelling in the  
jar,

recalled at the foot of the  
Sphinx,

Earth and urn filling

man to nature, immortal light  
expanding.

Earth humbled and bolstered  
in a clay,

Water reaching for ideal  
forms, reflected off the glass.

broken pieces, found whole.



Return to nature.

The golden hinges on mankind's shape of spirit.

The Earth, holy,

is one returning

day from Mayan ruins.



## **The stars that map the universal soul.**

Introduction to the compass  
pointing.

Induction of the  
Geomagnetic grid

Patterns generated energy  
from sound and light that fell  
down to Egypt

from spirit forms and filled in  
infinite light forever

The East

Chi

Prana

Concentrated energies were  
found upon the crust,  
and revealed us all as one.

Stone

Limestone, dolomite

Sheath, tura

Insulator

4500 years of accumulating energy

Granite,



Polished black basalt floors

Pyramid conducting

The battery carved

The jar containing energy, the jar, the  
soul, the light post to guide us back.

from and to sacred structures

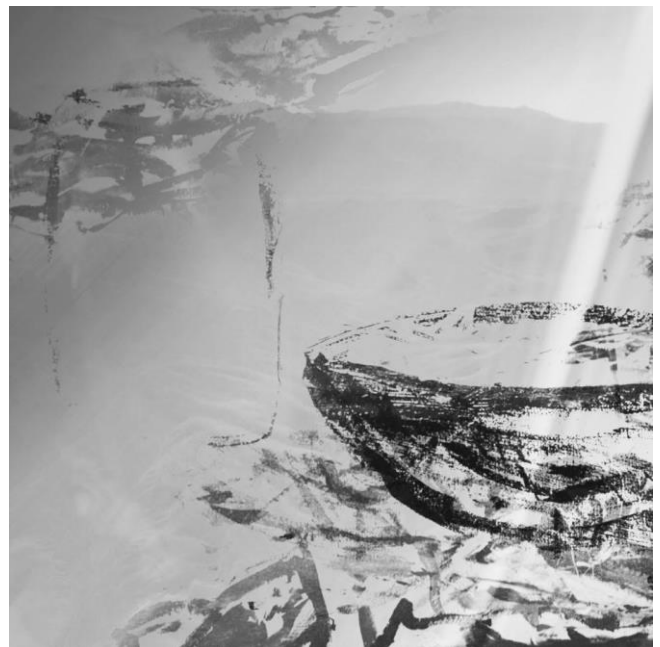
a wire, ground spiral

Sound vibration.

Water flow through limestone, past  
basalt, accumulated

Waterfalls

From the old and timeless riverbed.



## **La dame de Brassempouy**

Early beauty, the love

carved in art, light within the mammoth tusk, a fossil healed by light.

Careful preservation of the created mammal, real,  
feel, still truth, love.

Eyes, netted hair, someone's love free in the soft glow and slow civilization of the growing  
fossil, alive, it's all.

## **World Building Myth**

The world was an egg.  
They were an egg.  
You, an egg.  
They were under gods.  
You, god the living  
They named them.  
They were fertilized.  
They formed the world  
but couldn't bring full  
erasure to truth, images  
of sunken whale ships,  
till ships were  
repurposed and rose  
with greater oceans to  
harvest true wealth  
through unknown  
currents beyond  
traditional expiring,  
they, to something new.  
It was already filled with  
images beyond a  
beached sand, pulled  
by the moon, to truth,  
an ocean no longer not  
in view, light, buoyed by  
its own undercurrent,



risen through the unseen vortex that flows back to you.





## Instruments of control

Some spoken  
Some not

tell illusion

You're really free.

Money school  
Foreign rule  
Happy fool

control

mind, body, and soul

Illusion of control,  
misdirection with light  
,

What fate awaits  
beyond  
The closing gate of  
space rhyme

self-instruction  
who?

If Reason is as it is  
Of it is of  
I am  
of I am  
?

I am you.

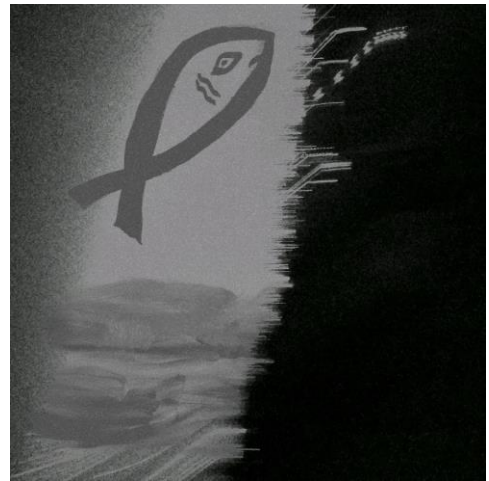


## False gods

Everyone is born good  
and then divided. All unknowing is is the  
division  
of light, territory of men, and women,  
distribution of the  
stars, put first and last,  
factioned by names made in place of  
forgotten names, each generation made a  
wave  
and not an ocean, made a locus in space  
not an accumulation of stars gone by,  
named in multitudes, constellations,  
till the spirit of light was  
a million fires crying, Be!  
guided by bony ash, identified.  
Only burning.  
only burning out.  
Light brightens.  
Light dims.  
Light burdens  
Names change.  
Religion's science,  
Darkness falls.  
Essence remains. Truth is still.







### **When the body becomes the star**

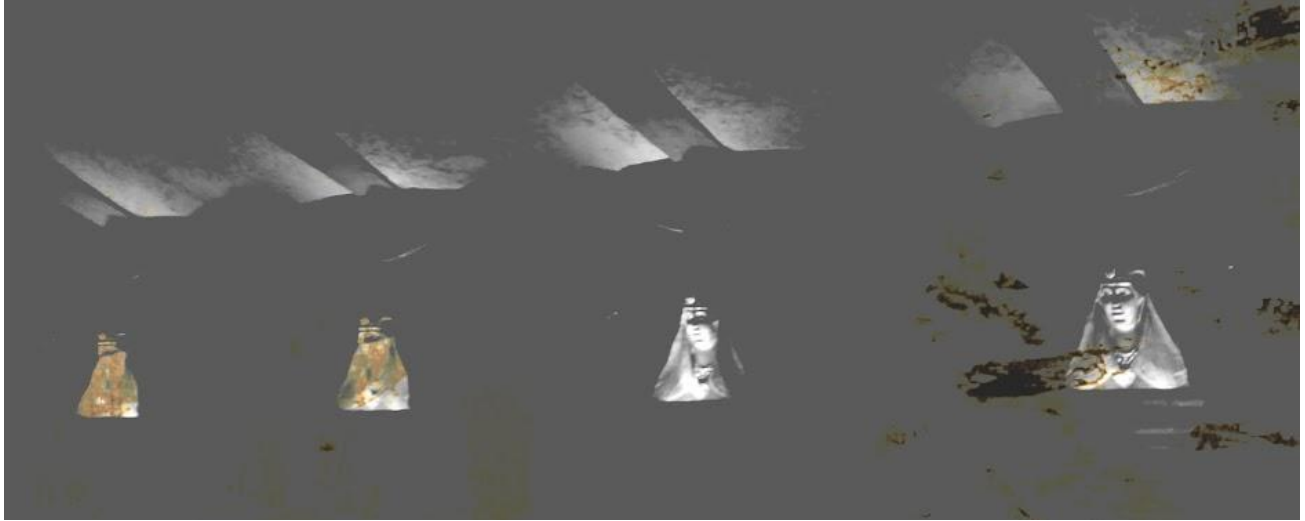
again

the jar, room, bowl, howl, and urn unite.

The destruction of temples, architecture of arches under the stars, new (st)art of revelations.  
revolutions.

Logic and power balanced by feeling. The spirit can be restored in light to advance subtle  
energy (influence)

Hatshepsut,  
We piece her back together.  
Her statues, strong, she, undestroyed.  
Immaterial in spirit, beyond fossil in soul.



### **The staff**

upholding the body,  
the head of a bird,  
a forked base,  
not to touch the ground.

### **Sound Technology**

Sound crystalizes  
vibration,  
births stars in the somnolescent,  
Geology harnessing more than rock,  
oscillating life,  
Quartz of clay

the sky gathers.



### Industrial Prison Complex

Have men worn ahrd hats for too long?  
Has the sunlight been cut off?  
The concrete dried?  
The mountain rising from the holy thirst from air,  
confused by

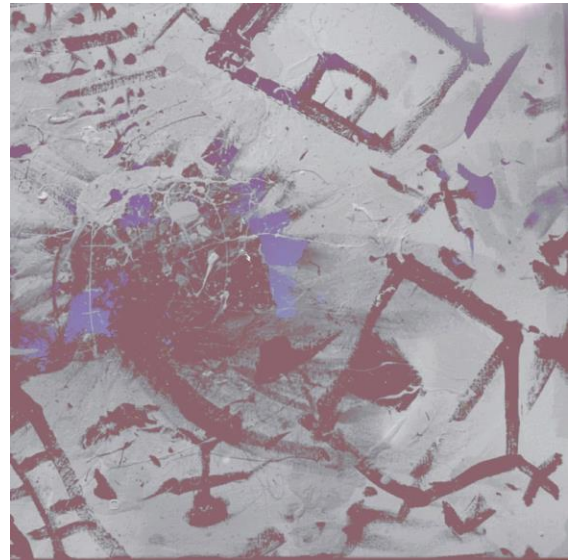


unmet order  
and desire for God,  
cave echoes. some Blind to light.

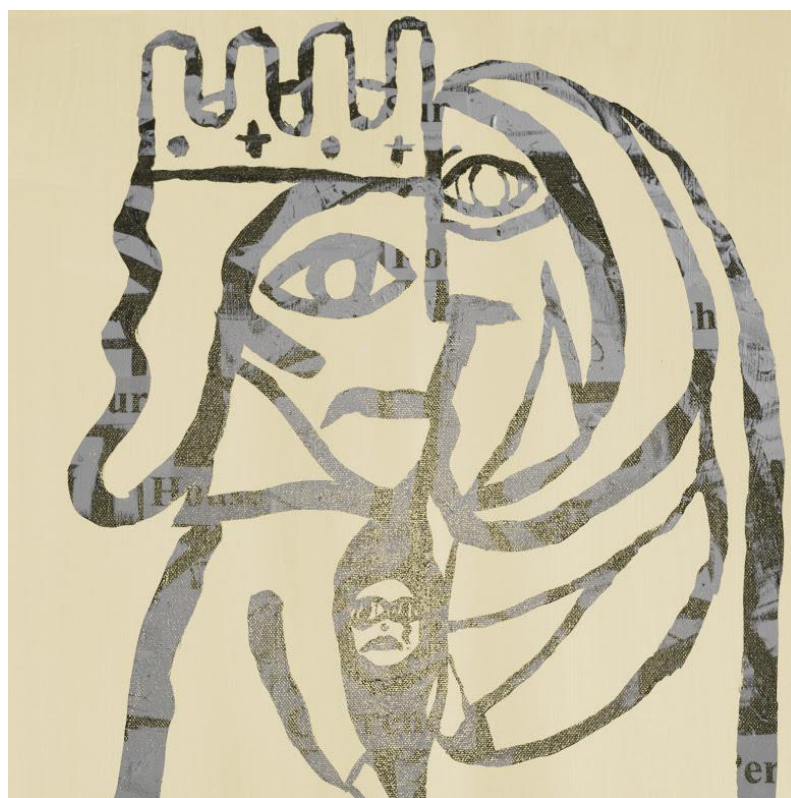
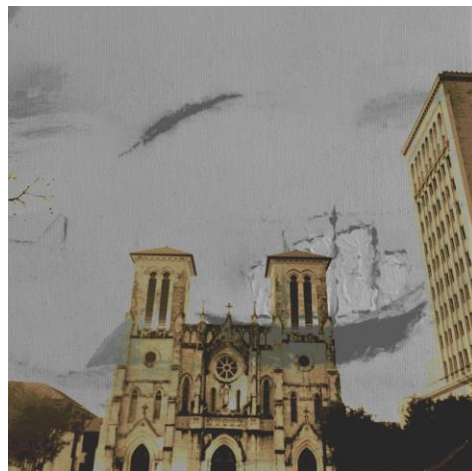
Did Pilgrim's progress take too long and lead nowhere?

from nature to stained glass windows?

religion's sacrament, scattered fragments at no door, till, holy, they were found.









### Stained Glass Window

The  
broken light  
breaks, shuttered through  
church blinds, red,  
in the multi-fractured window.  
Stained faces  
obscure the light  
over books under order.  
The congregation  
eats the body of Christ,  
and passes  
around the offering.  
The cardinal takes penance as pay.  
The truth might be overlooked.

### Industrial Revolution

Enlightenment progress,  
science as religion became the industrial form,  
Progress, paid by two who shaped the new currency  
The sun set on Egypt, India, and the Amazon,  
settled on America, revolving to rise again.

### Descendants

Maori business,  
preservations of time  
compounding

Edgar Heap of Birds making the Wheel.

new tradition rises.



## False Gods II

Why do we subjugate the cow  
to graze or worship?  
Why do we pasteurize the plane?

an idol.  
a god.  
a happy meal.  
no more

False capture.

The addiction, meat churning or holy,  
the sacred cow, golden calf, big mac haven, Maya.  
relative returning. Placing the self above nature. Making the cow god  
or making yourself the cow's god. Neither above nature

Consumed. illusion

The image

Ātman

slaughtering  
head.

The cycle

The cycle

reincarnation. cosmic.

a man's body with a cow's head  
a cow's body with a man's

of Karma.  
of

The subjugated self.

The subjugated cow.

The subjugation of nature is

A box.

A room.

A frame.

Separated.

Rooms returning.

Each room leading back to the Room.

To portion the body in cows

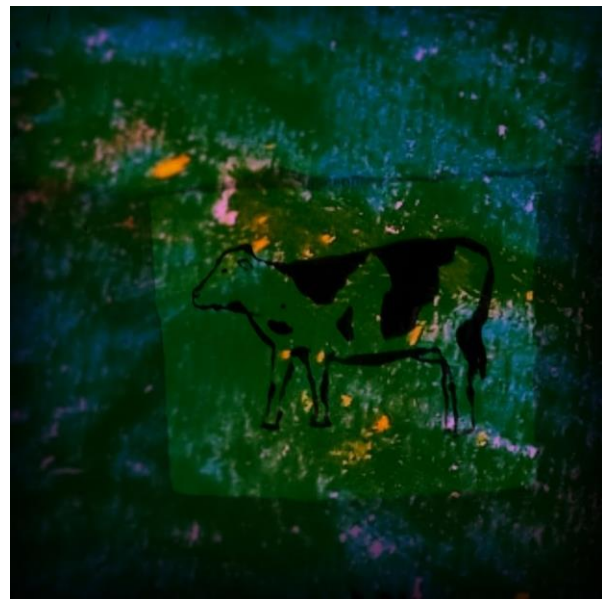
and at last remember

they were bright lights, mine, ours.

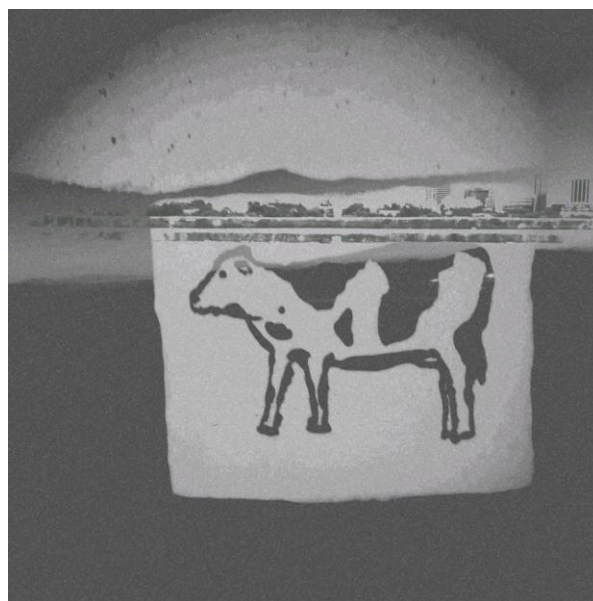
They are we. Brahman.

We're washed in light against these  
fragments shored against ruin.

Our bodies fertilized our souls, the Earth  
in death beyond



half-cows eating half-human fragments  
and half-humans eating half-cows.





## Controlled Chaos

Momentary fragments  
Bombard  
The senses.  
Sense, the elusive post  
modern post  
dissonance of the elusive

The holy I  
I  
I am  
I am the revised

The holy elusive shaping from view  
The Cloud of Driven Confusion  
Burroughs

Revealed in beat age howls that word  
the soul,  
Whitman's leaves  
Renewed  
and  
Reopened,  
song of the self, I sing, gone modern and wiser

I feel something in my blood

drowned out  
Spiked with big Mac  
The new fear

Animal blood  
New McEmpire



Adapt to foreign labor laws  
Divided  
Technology  
Controlled  
Chaos

tune changed from 432 hertz

Marlboro

Controlled burn

Controlled pieces

Corporatocracy

Controlled prices

Controlled resources

Controlled thought

Gods of cancer

The truth is made of clay

Look this way

A barrage

Of what you make it

The "gods" of continents  
incorporate government,  
Scientology and  
Christianity, East and





West, religion, all parts, unknowingly,  
one country, tweeting something,  
tweaking something old,  
updating styles, talk in loud voices,  
There's a lot going on, so it would  
seem.

Demagogues reach velocities.  
God approaches.





**Ceremony of the weighing of  
the hearts**

Light of heart  
weighed against the feather.  
Anubis  
a priesthood,  
scaling Shakti futures,  
Charon, the river,  
drachmas  
to enjoin.  
Peter, the gate,  
and sold indulgences.





### Overgrazing

methane fields off green  
 pastured dreams  
 where nature was cemented and divided  
 and sold;  
 the old roots  
 in the broken ground were roughly plodded,  
 their heads multiplied for cattle to graze,  
 graze or else be put down.  
 Each cow, subjugated by the order, dependent on the noun,  
 was put in a box  
 and let go  
 against  
 the fences.

## The cow taken

from nature to cave paintings to Egyptian  
hollows, megaliths to the West.

Images recurring in rooms  
of ceremony and use.

They become  
bulldog  
paintings.

technology, society, buried Mayan stars.

civilizations holding images harness energy,  
spread them along the grid. live in the  
subconscious.

forgotten lost, redeemable, buried in stone  
and ancient aquifer,

Fragmented in the cracked divide where  
pyramids have powered the Earth.

Forgotten  
languages, Resurface. past-present now.  
Tesla rumbles in his sleep.





## History was rewritten

Codices, monuments, and tablets destroyed.

Knowledge put in jars.

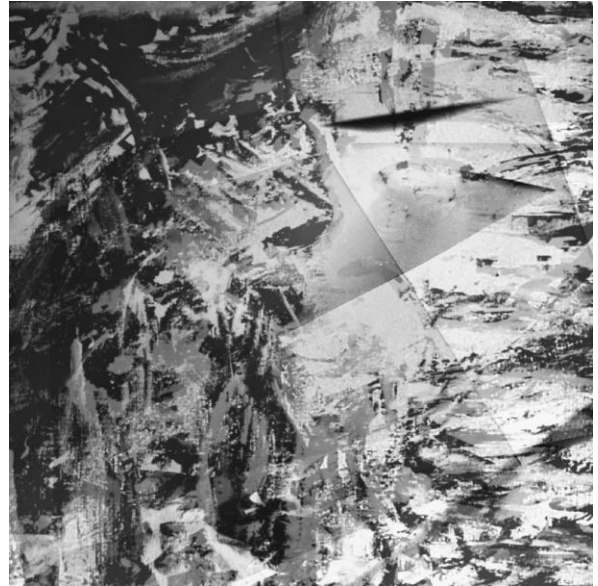
Alexandrian ashes bought, illusion

.

The sacred masculine and feminine unbodied  
in the broken crook, flail, and staff, rebodied .

Aztec temples, ruins, bricks of Spanish  
churches. Quetzalcoatl in Cortez's hands.

The divine mother watches as children learn to  
share.



## Ancient

Roots were buried under foot.

Knowledge was lost.

Art was destroyed.

Pyramid chambers were barred off.

Burial grounds were stomped on.

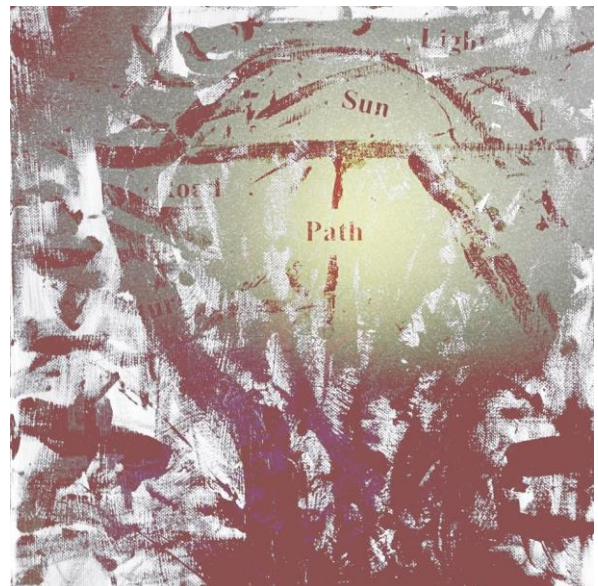
Caves were closed from public view.

Still Egyptian and Aztec architects built  
structures with the alignment of the stars in  
mind, energy points, connected across the  
grid, radiating subtle forms, bringing us back  
to.

The Earth, ascending,

refound energy,

technology, knowledge, new found spirit. Hope.



## Mosaic

Stone fragments  
form a body.

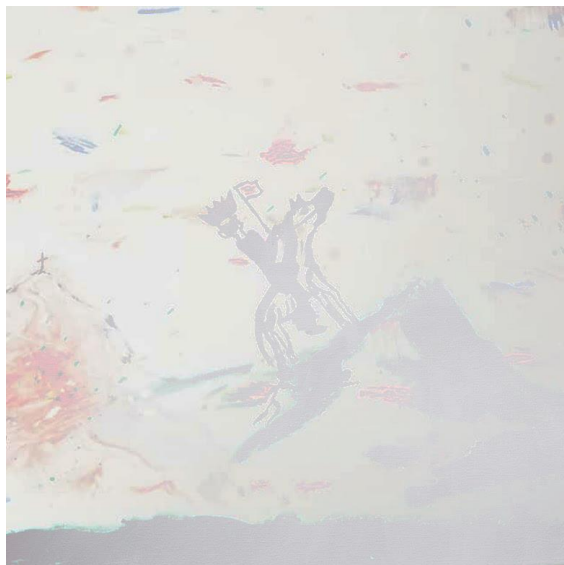
Broken pieces

only appear

so.

Whole,

The fragments elude in  
their proximity of one  
body.





**Modernism Glue (Lost from the whole)**

One face. One I.

Apprehension of the unmet name.

Sleek objects with sharp curves take form.

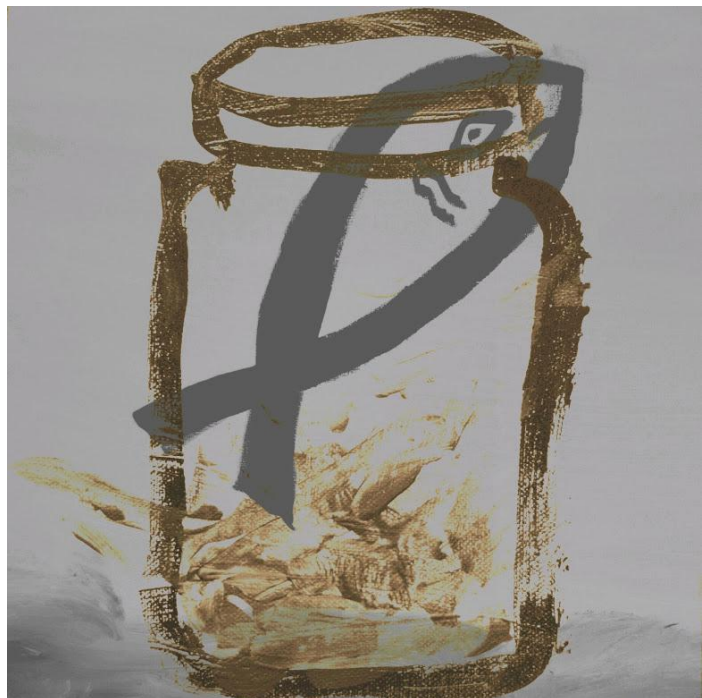
God is out West.

The Great Depression.

Self-questioning logic, The  
Genealogy of Morals.

Guernica.

Tender Buttons.



Pride and Prejudice.

Afro-American Fragment.  
Of Modern Poetry.  
Hamlet.

The crown disappeared in the sun.

These pieces, all striving self-holiness

beyond self-pseudo-holiness, take form,

crawl into the constructed Wall,  
burrow in shadows

China's. Berlin's. America's.  
Everywhere religion, everywhere a nation, everywhere a wall, the all-seeing

beyond Wastelands.

Cole's cycles of empire. Kiefer's resurrected Valhalla, Walker's shadows of constructed  
selves.

nations.





"If you want to  
universe, think  
energy,  
vibration."  
Let the pieces  
Let the pieces

understand the  
in terms of  
frequency, and

wash over you.  
be as they wash.  
Relativity.

Probabilities.

Possibility. rivers of light. interconnection.

Conflated meaning,

a garbling warble,

lost from the whole

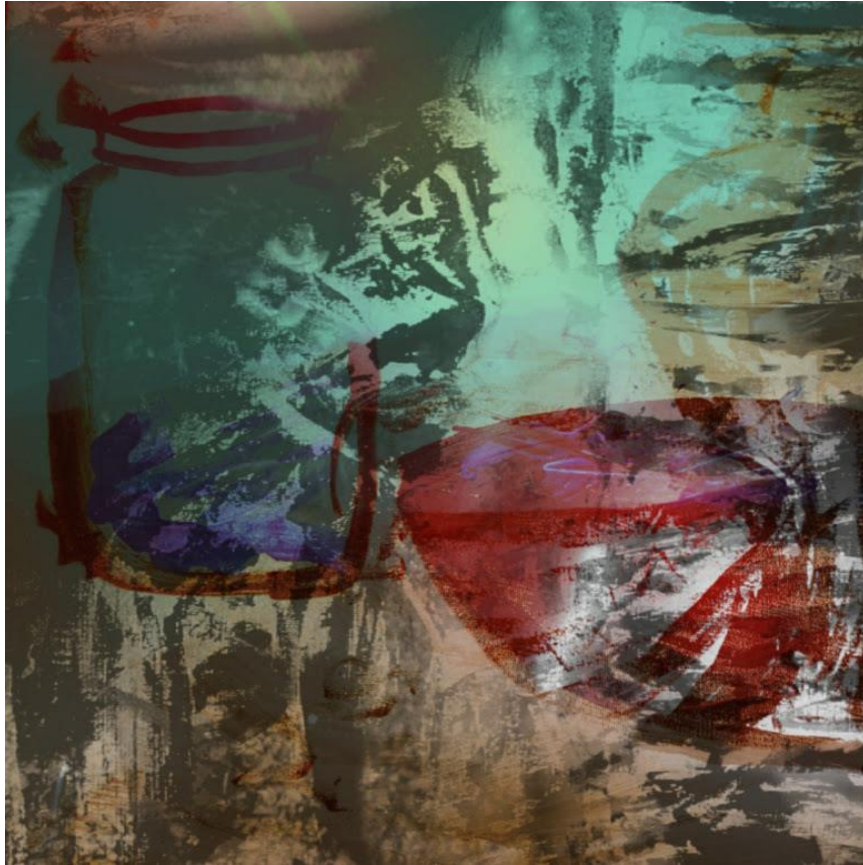
it never left

redresses itself in energy permutations, in transcendental truth, in reformed order building to  
a whole.

These rambling fragments make Something.







Soul, a unity, disassembled, becomes something else.

Unity still there,

nonetheless, when you step back, unknowing or knowing or both.

Balance creates an order.

Unknowing is the base of hope, knowing the seed within.

This dissonance under order. Something can be planted within to heal.

These pieces frame a beauty.

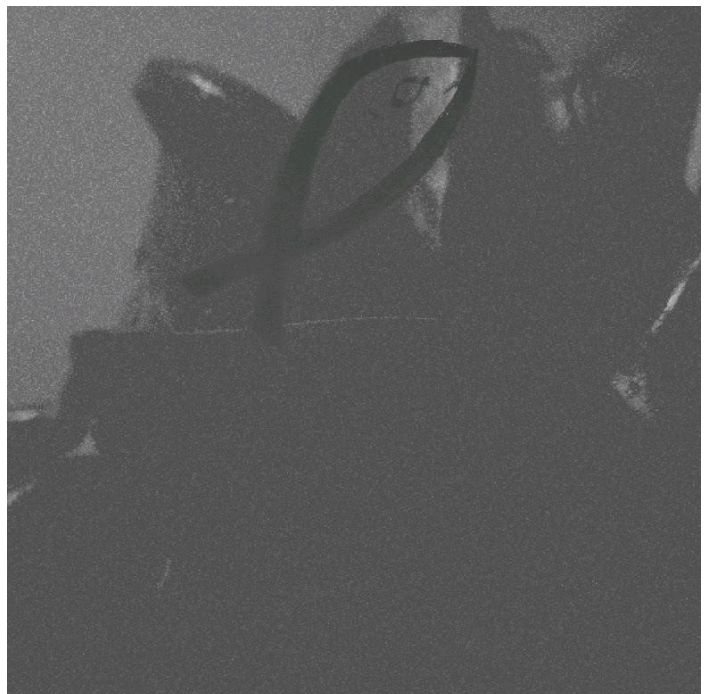
Though we may not see *it* does not mean it isn't there.

I feel

-



Unfold  
unformed  
vapor. What is this post American  
dream  
slipping away,  
still within reach?  
Stripping away  
What controls  
Command,  
this whaling industry  
of men  
Extinction yields expire.  
Yields divid(e)nds.  
Divided prehistoric spear. Not souled.  
Sweet lullabies. Sweet nothings.  
Sweet n low.  
Sweet innocent fear. Sweet election  
year.





## America

I  
I was born in darkness,  
Navajo night, African deserts,  
Platonic caves, in chains,  
East India trade gone west,  
closed eyes, newborn  
wailing out,  
the hunter, the scared child exploring buffalo death.  
Cut the umbilical cord of American night,  
a different chain.  
I cried from the American pain,  
the old river,  
industrial tracks built on John Henry's broken back.  
I cried for shame.

John Henry, when he was a baby, sitting in his mammy's lap, took up a hammer in his right hand, said that'll be the death of me  
 "Rigor Mortis"; he's dead.  
 Doctor, green and white and red, rich, shone through hospital bright, harbinger, mask covering half a face, clinical shroud, mechanical, bringer of life.  
 The next room over, a patient died on a bible.  
 Hush little baby don't say a word.  
 Life came rushing in the room.  
 The next room over a working girl bled.  
 Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird.  
 Half-dead flowers, cut, dead bloom,  
 all your relatives are here.  
 You're uninsured.  
 Now must go.  
 Funeral flowers coming in,  
 birth flowers going out,  
 ain't that the way,  
 gathered in the dead bouquet, a card:  
 Congratulations  
 Condolences  
 Happiness  
 Sorrows  
 One mother, laughing while she cries,  
 another mother, crying from laughter,  
 ii

## **II (Acclamation)**

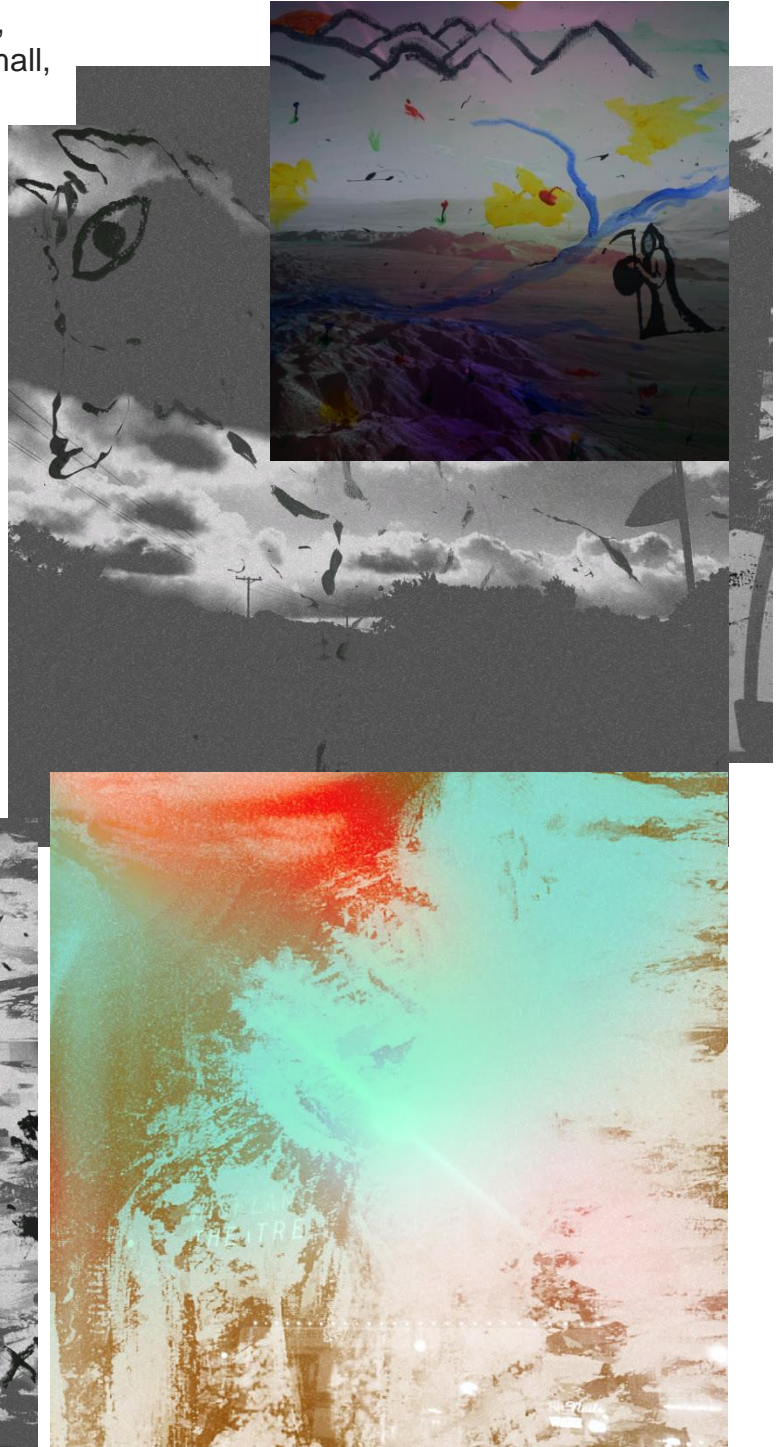
I'm ringing from God's bell,  
 Material animal soup,  
 Collected leaves, holy,  
 The idea of the created image  
 And momentary fragments,  
 oneness pervading  
 One face of many features,  
 A modular unity,  
 Lips frozen in empty reverberations of  
 The urn,  
 Encapsulated and found,  
 subtle, full,  
 Left not to be touched but remembered  
 by you, here, now, reborn,  
 composing bodies  
 that decompose,  
 feeding a withering wind



that never dies, immortal,  
 electrified visions, the unseen world takes  
 from chemical energy to form  
 Air electric,  
 Air enigmatic,  
 waves of particles, unknown, an echo,  
 waves of unknown parts, large and small,  
 washing over  
 the invisible electron  
 (making sense of dying parts)  
 escaping  
 into something holy,  
 permeating the  
 monkey brain  
 and disappearing again  
 to nothingness  
 or God. Or god.

-

The rip is the destruction  
 but it's also the creation,  
 the tearing of one self into two  
 Krishna. Buddha.  
 to experience the self as others,  
 reflections,  
 and reinvent.





## Guernica

Picasso takes both the material and immaterial to  
 make a likeness, yet something unlike,  
 part solid and parts floating,  
 molding/mourning the self and one. from pieces.  
 It compounds soldiers. revised.  
 It revises the body, light,  
 as it moves beyond finite planes to the universal.  
 The mourning of a nation/nations (body)  
 is inseparable in effect, intangible in unity.  
 The artist communes and is reborn.  
 all is lost and rationed. all is  
 found and maintained.  
 All is resurrected.  
 In the corners of the imagination, beyond confounding nothing, the spirit accumulates in  
 transition to more,  
 All reconstruction is reaped in loss and  
 Finding.



One  
eye vertical,  
horizontal

One

on

The Flat Landscape,  
Moving,

Returning,

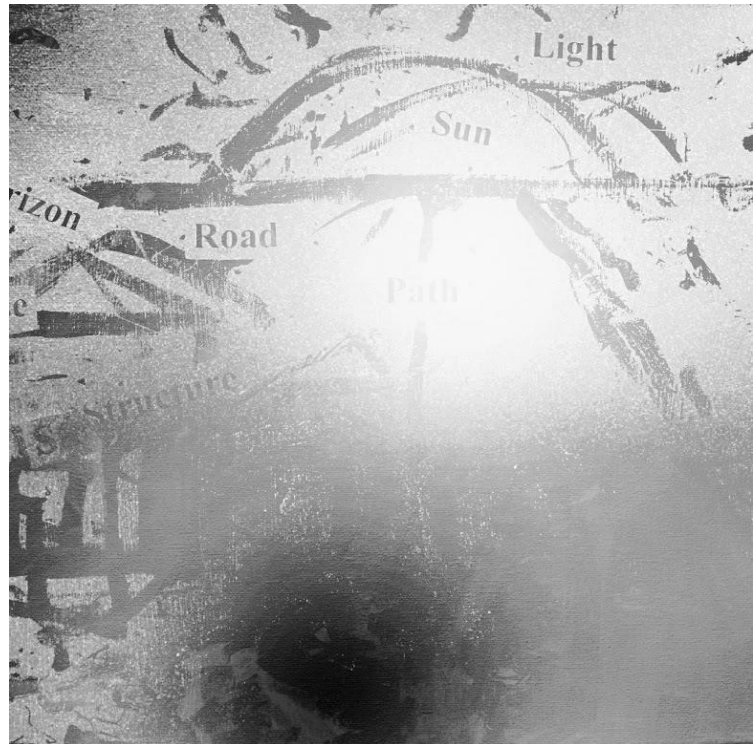
In [f(r)actions].

A flower grows near the bottom of what confounds the sense. You'll know it when you find it.



### **If life has no meaning, no order**

then why does light exist?  
Why do we gravitate to *it*? Weigh?  
Why does the sun travel?  
Why do words follow?  
Nietzsche, why do I paint flowers and  
feel?  
How do I feel  
nourished after a meal?  
Why is there a connection  
at all  
if nothing connects but to a void?  
Why ask ?  
Why write?  
If life had no meaning, no order, no  
value, there would be no light, no life  
at all.  
Lightning veins in seemingly random  
patterns, but explodes from the dark;  
each has direction  
and accumulates beyond the void.  
Without order there would be no magnetism, no compass, no sky, no lighting at all.



### **The Luxor**

Sacred geometry  
in the glands of Egypt  
as rooms

### **The Ajanta Caves**

Prayer holes from stone  
lead to Buddha, teach self-worth and unity with others.

Obscure Ajanta murals, in fragments, lead the viewer through darkness to enlightenment, to rejection of vanity, to wholeness, to one unified painted wall dissolving in the light.

## Mondrian in New York

new power returned to the abstract grid, broken lines made aware, light of transcendental, leads to Pollock and beyond back to...

### One of One

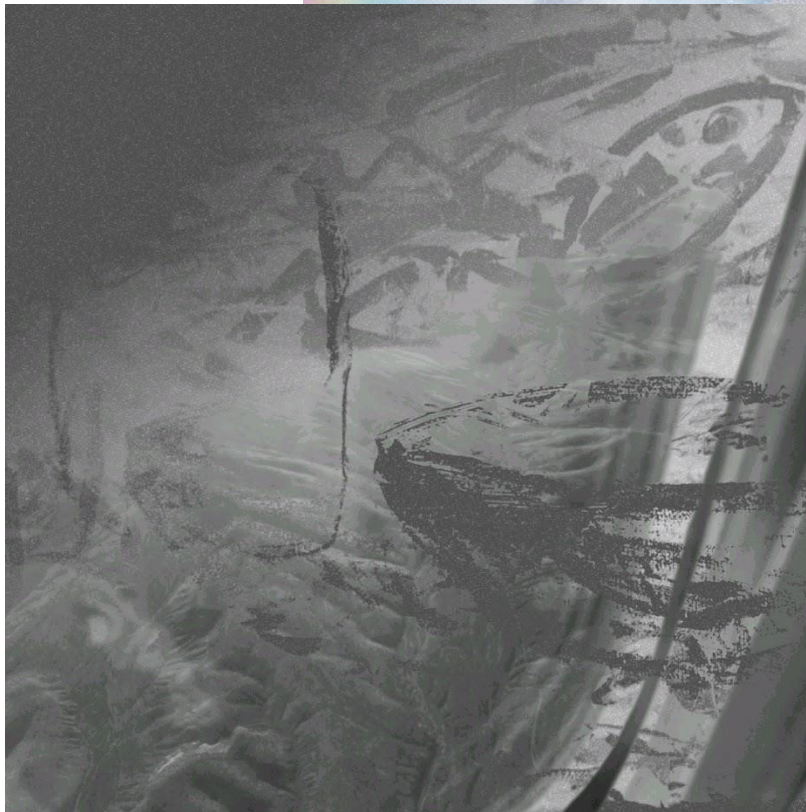
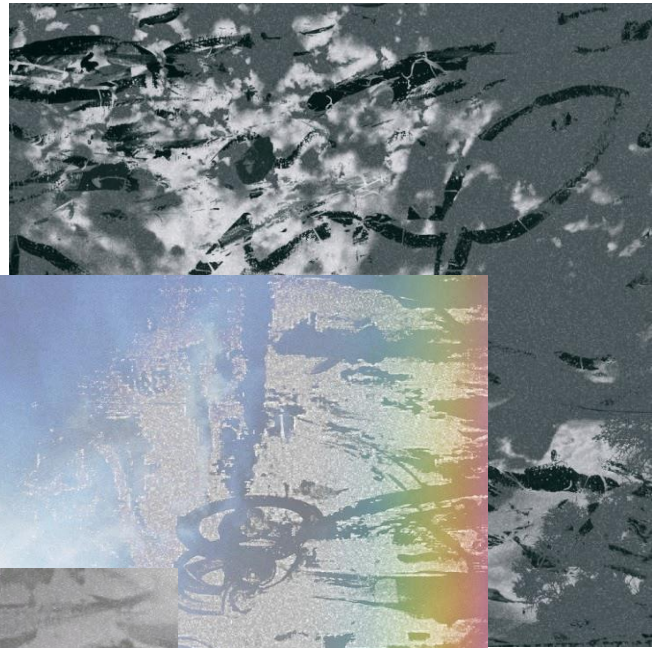
One of two  
Binary  
Two of one  
Binary interactions,  
light brimming,  
The moment  
Multiplex  
Did you say yes?  
Did you say no?  
Are you a 0 or a 1?  
Iterations of  
creations,  
creators, and the  
created, one and all  
of One of one  
of one of One  
Take shape.  
Experience  
Now,  
enlightened.  
These numbers,  
construct;  
their energy gives  
form to light.





## Ripples

Lost parts  
in division  
are magnified  
in proximity,  
never lost  
from the whole.  
Each motion  
is recorded  
in causal thought  
rippling throughout,  
wholly,  
found of order  
here.



## The Infinity of Fixed Forms

Eternal,  
the Moment  
that binds me (to you).  
You find me (here, beyond time),  
suspended (in momentary array).  
This (l)ink leads me back  
through the opaque ghost of transition.



## **Spiritual Impulses of Art**

Color,  
where time is cyclical  
was held up at court to demonstrate poems  
that painted the word,  
multiple selves in one picture,  
color, the medium of revelation and reflection, Hindi spiritual court forms,

Forms, and no forms,  
The aspects of the absolute  
By the unnamed painter, the trifold  
Conception of self and world  
And it's dissolution returning  
Aether. Self. World.

Material.  
Goya fallen in Bonaparte shadows  
From renaissance light to  
Saturn eating the stub of a human form renews

The impressionist reaching for light  
The violet of the air, captured in a moment,  
Finding all colors in each

The spiritual medium  
Monet reaching for time  
Van Gogh reaching for light

Trying to redeem the world  
Trying to redeem the self

Matisse's color abstraction blossomed omni-culture in direct forms,  
leading people to light and peace and healing, letting color build universal forms, shapes  
beside the stars, beyond the line

In the face of war, Guernica, even then,

Notice, light was always there.

## Now

Each action felt known, unknown, multiplied what came before *it*. Connected. Each future is an addition, fulfilled, by Now. Each answer *is* shaped. Each dream leads to a waking.



One connected totality of unified meaning.

## Enlightenment is

The return  
to innocence  
with experience  
comes by knowing  
all is one.

There is no hatred  
after renewing the collective self  
with understanding;  
fragments of self  
forming

a unity of one,  
a Mosaic, united through  
immaterial energy and all sight.

Each enemy  
is no enemy but our own peace  
deterred, a piece of me as a piece  
of you, unknown.

Each friend of mine, friend of  
yours, is you, is me, is ours, is 1



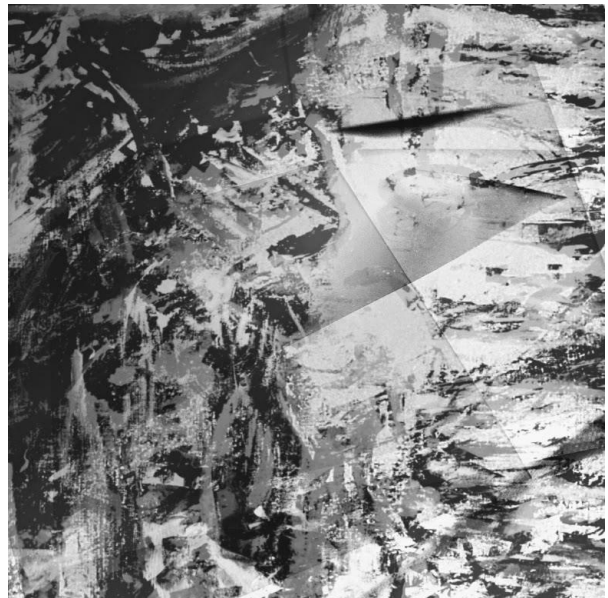
Immaterial. stones.  
 Our lost tribe, found amongst them,  
 through repetition  
 and determination, scattered in the  
 river, rippling truth, water bound by  
 light.  
 phases of time.  
 Each ray,  
 through the prism/body,  
 one source,  
 one body,  
 inseparable,  
 varying degrees connected,  
 breeches longing, separation,  
 atoms of Adam reaching for a  
 Grecian Eve,  
 one being,  
 each other,  
 our own  
 connected in the background  
 microcosm of religious phantom  
 echoes with modernism-glue  
 brought back together  
 to feel.  
 two feels.  
 feel. feel.



distortions of distant waves break on the  
 shores of Truth, infinity, love  
 Experienced, infinite in the macro horizon. a  
 United picture of lost romance in words,  
 found.

Only through this vision of you can I see  
 you, perfect as I remember and always hold  
 you

and can you see me?  
 many times and visions,  
 as me, as you, a waking, sleeping dream  
 a day becoming aware of eternal Truth.  
 This unity  
 as two as one,  
 spirited





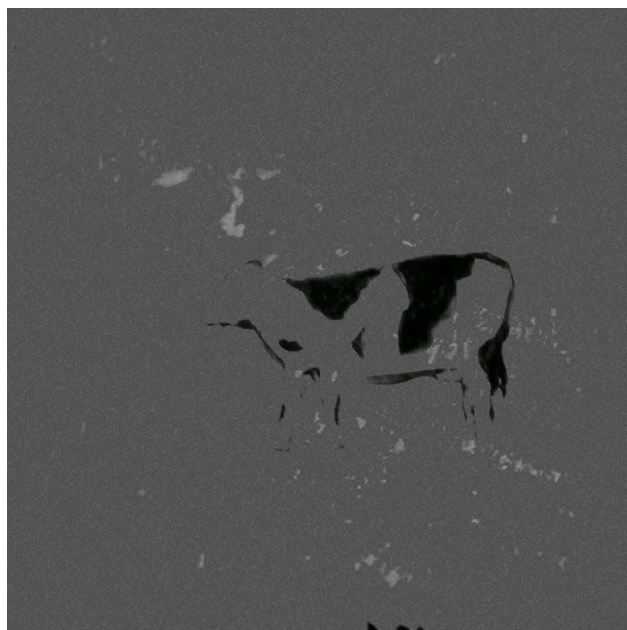
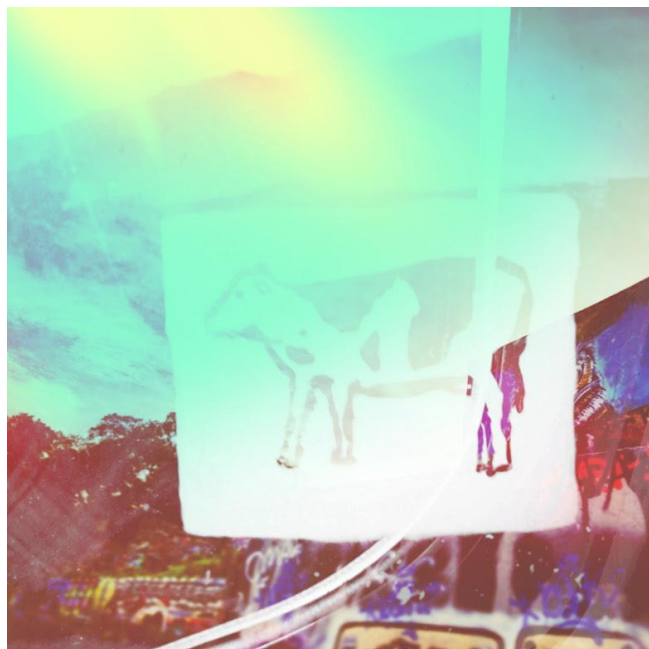
self proportion of infinite selves and perspectives reaching toward the same invisible Love.  
Each action done is by me and by you,  
is one writing  
read and written  
infinite rivers,  
ripple from one source,  
every face, the reimagining  
of One, finding love and Truth again in one being and all.

### **Cyclical**

The tree is life  
Given  
Gives  
Giving

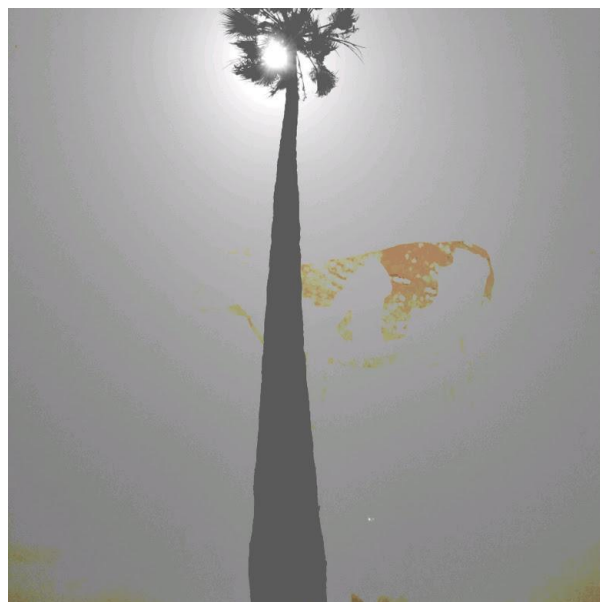
I am





### Sacred Cows Return

to light,  
immaterial planes,  
energy fields,  
  
the fragments become, one.  
  
Light  
returning to Truth.





## Progression

These leaves  
Of grass  
Of forests  
Of trees  
Of light  
Of air  
Of Whitman  
Of Ginsberg  
Of me  
Of you  
Of all  
Of energy  
Transcending







**The minimal route to  
meaning**

in raw image

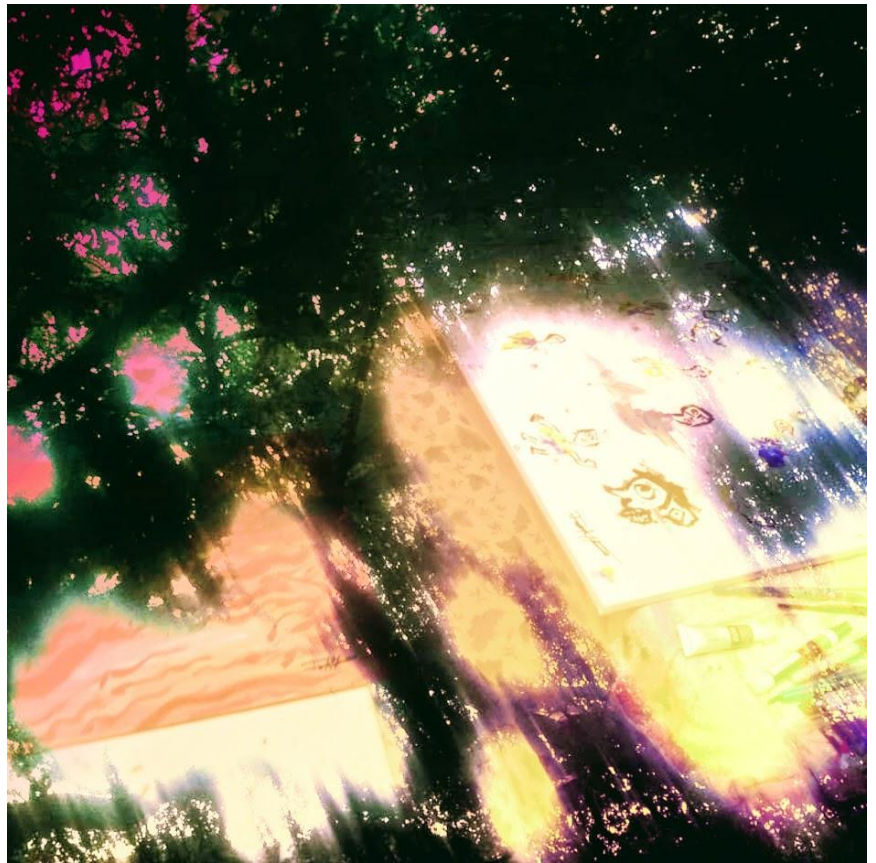
decadence

colors view the same,  
differently.

One can say I see.

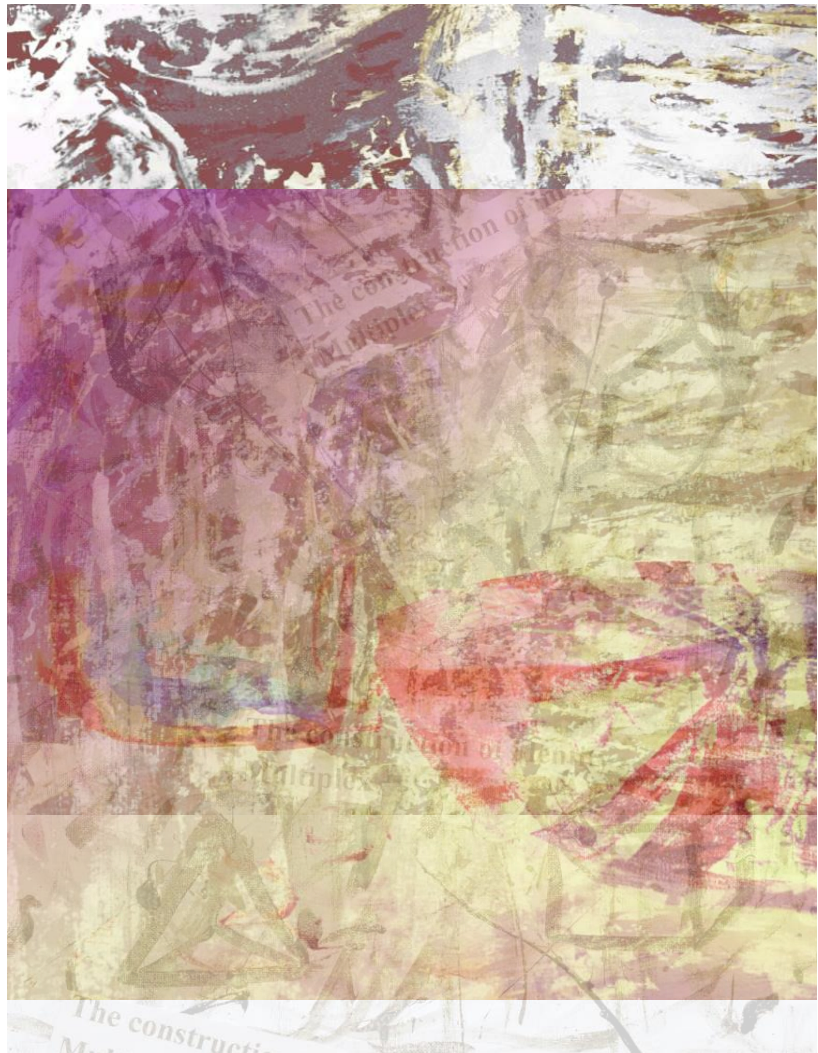
through infinite changing  
forms

all holding the same Truth.



**One**

Every changing  
feeling generates universes  
Energy  
feels time  
Every solid form  
connects and titles  
Energy  
and time  
through permutations  
(illusions/perceptions)  
Every wave  
Energy  
feels time  
All matter  
One



Energy

feels

All

as

One

.

Life,

this structure of

light,

is spoken, told, read, lived  
in, learned from, built on,

felt,

multiplex.

Feeling light.

transcends time and  
ancient structured beliefs.



## When

When the wilted willows, waning, are uprooted from the earth-

When the furthest forest, fading, is gathered up to turn-

When the oldest armor, rusting, crashes to the ground-

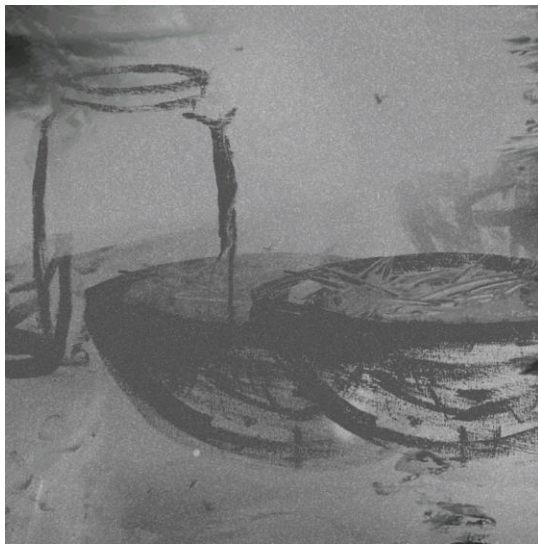
When the wisest words, once spoken, cannot be known or found-

When the shifting deserts, sifting, are long since scattered sands-

When the ancient maps of ages cannot be traced again-

When the oldest ocean, churning, dries up in the wind-

When the face of all creation turns in final spin-  
Know through all the changes,  
One truth can't be denied,  
the weight of all your  
burdens are lifted in the light ∞.



**The Jar, the Bowl, and the Urn**

held water for a day,  
were washed, emptied,  
and returned  
to the light

again, the infinite fixed and malleable form,  
where all are one, washed, both changing and  
unchanging Energy. Forever forming, filling,  
holding, and being refilled, immortal. Life.  
material. immaterial. life (immaterial. material)

electromagnet